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WHEN FOUND—

Christmas, 1942. Leading articles in almost every newspaper had some reference to Dickens and his association with the Festival, and in this connection must be mentioned the references in both the "Financial Times" and "Financial News" of December 24th. One hardly expects literary references in such quarters; but, there we are, Dickens has once again proved his universality.

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Dickens and the New London. Most significant of these, however, was the leading article in the "Statist" (which for the nonce disclaimed being a Leading Article at all !). A page and a half were given to an account of a visit to the editorial sanctum by none other than Charles Dickens himself, with his ideas on the replanning of London. He complimented us on the adoption of the word "blitz"; "I might have invented it myself," he said. He had been visiting old well-remembered scenes, and what struck him most, as it does all visitors, was not how much of London has been knocked down, but how much is still standing up. He urged that the planning of a new city should be in the hands of "the only people with a right to plan London—the only people able to plan London—the people who live their working days in London and know what London needs." Wise words indeed, but "will the Planners listen?" comments the "Statist."

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Prophetic. This naturally reminds us of the thoughts Sydney Carton might have had at the foot of the guillotine in *A Tale of Two Cities*: "I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out."

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Message to the Eighth Army. But the triumph of all came in the concluding words of General Montgomery's Christmas Eve message to the Eighth Army: "Good luck to you. And in the words of Tiny Tim in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, 'God Bless us every one'."

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Worth Working For. The Ladies' Knitting Party in London have sent a further parcel of knitted comforts to the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund, and have received a letter from Lady Kemsley expressing "very grateful thanks to the members of the knitting party, not only for this latest gift, but for the really splendid support we have received from you all during the past year. The rapid expansion of the Forces makes our task grow more difficult every day, and the woollens you are kind enough to send so regularly are of the greatest help in meeting the many and varied needs of the men."

94 Not Out. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. A. C. Dickinson, of the Chicago Branch, who will celebrate her ninety-fourth birthday on March 13th. She is still very active and loses none of her interest in Dickens, as is shewn by her regular correspondence with Mr. A. W. Edwards, whom she met in London during his term of office as Hon. Secretary. The visit was returned when Mr. Edwards was in Chicago in 1932. We wish her continued good health and many happy days.

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Brains Trust. The last but one meeting of the Trans-Atlantic Brains Trust in the year 1942 was confronted with the question: "If you were a novelist, what book would you have been most proud to have written?" The immediate answer was "War and Peace," but a second thought of Dr. Julian Huxley declared for *Pickwick*, which the transatlantic member immediately said was his choice also. At a meeting of the Brains Trust in January one of the questions was, "After the Bible and Shakespeare, what author is most frequently quoted?" Three members unhesitatingly replied, "Dickens." The other two did not reply; most likely they were in complete agreement with the answer, they could hardly have been ignorant of the derivation of the many expressions and illusions so frequently met with in modern writing.

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Wainewright Again. Yet another biography has been written of this colourful criminal who figured as the motif of *Hunted Down*. This time it is a book entitled "Suburban Gentleman," by John Lindsey. The publishers have not sent us a copy for review, but Mr. Peter Quennell writing in the "New Statesman and Nation," comments on the great similarity between it and Mr. Curling's "Janus Weathercock" reviewed in the *Dickensian*, 1938, p. 155. "The parallelism between Mr. Lindsay's book and that of his predecessor is often rather startling," says Mr. Quennell. "A very large number of quotations chosen by Mr. Curling have also been selected by Mr. Lindsey, and the epithets he attaches to characters in the story are often surprisingly alike." All good Dickensians know what a fascination Wainewright's career had for the novelist.

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Mr. T. Kent Brumleigh. This gentleman has enriched the columns of *The Dickensian* recently, notably with his "Notes to *Dombey and Son*." He has not felt able to continue the series for the present, but we may look forward to further articles from him, I am pleased to say. Meanwhile, his life-long friend, Mr. T. W. Hill, begins in this number "Notes to *David Copperfield*."

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The Best Dickens Novel. Mr. T. Kent Brumleigh tells me that in his opinion *Dombey and Son* is one of the best if not the very best of all Dickens's novels, and may be considered one of the great books in English literature. He calls Dickens himself as a witness. *Dombey* was finished in April, 1848, and was followed thirteen months later by the first part of *David Copperfield*. After the fifth number had appeared in September, 1849, Dickens wrote to Forster: "I have a strong belief, that, if any of my books are read years hence, *Dombey* will be remembered among the best." It is not forgotten that in his revised preface to *David Copperfield* he called it his "favourite child"; but this does not necessarily mean that he considered it his best book.

First Editions For All. We print in this number the first of a series of articles for which many of our readers have long been waiting. Collecting first editions of Dickens does not necessarily imply that one must possess a long purse. While the original paper-covered parts and volumes in publishers' cloth still fetch high prices, leather-bound copies are much more reasonable and, provided the contents correspond with the requirements we shall name in our bibliographical details, they are nevertheless genuine first editions. Then there are the "Cheap" and the "Charles Dickens" Editions, with new prefaces that have been so far neglected. We hope to print in the next number a special article by Mr. L. A. Kennethe on the Cheap Edition.

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Cookery Books. An enthusiastic reader in Blackburn, who signs himself "Robert L.," refers to what he calls "a dogmatic mis-statement" of Mr. Hill in the concluding paragraph of his account of Dickensian cookery on page 202, 1942 volume. "Surely Mr. Hill has overlooked what I consider to be the pleasantest allusion to cookery books in the whole of Dickens," continues Mr. L. (Chapter 39, *Martin Chuzzlewit*), John Westlock's present to Ruth Pinch, "that merry present of a cookery book awaiting her in the parlour next morning, with the beef-steak-pudding leaf turned down and blotted out." Mr. Hill desires me to express his regret for the omission; it was an inexcusable one; the extracts for the article as originally planned contained the reference, but they had to undergo revision and reclassification to suit the requirements of serial publication, and, unfortunately, this particular reference was overlooked and the omission was not detected when the proofs were read.

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Pickwick's War-time Deputy? The accompanying clever announcement of the National Book Council may strike the eye as a valediction to the immortal Mr. Pickwick; but read on. No war can kill that illustrious gentleman; he needs no deputy.

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The hundred-and-thirty-first anniversary of the birth of Dickens was celebrated in London by a meeting at which Mr. T. W. Hill presided. Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning paid a tribute to the Immortal Memory, which we hope to print in the next number.

★ BOOKS IN WARTIME ★

Farewell, Mr. Pickwick...

"*Slim!*" said the Ministry. "*Ay, Ay, Sir!*" said the publishers. And slim it is.

Today's books have shed frills and wide margins. Pages are thinner. Austerity rules the type face. Yet ingenuity has maintained complete readability, and if new books are less bulky they still contain as much.

Now you get twice as much reading per pound of paper. The quart is in a pint pot. Quixote is deputy for Dickens — till victory.

...Hail, Don Quixote

Ask your Book Token bookseller for a copy of *Britain Needs Books* by John Brophy. Price 1s. 3d.; or 1s. 6d. post-free from the National Book Council 3 Henrietta Street London WC2

★ THE BOOKSHOP IS YOUR BRAINS TRUST ★

WALTER DEXTER.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP—I. EYES PART 2

Little, restless, perking eyes . . . given him for the sole purpose of peeping into other people's affairs with. S. BY B., *Sc.* 4.

* * *

One of his eyes (perhaps the eye that used to peep through the keyhole) was weak, and looked larger than the other. JOHN CHIVERY, *L.D.*, I, 18.

* * *

Bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes, generally, and when serious, rather steady than severe. CAPT. TAUNTON, *S.P.T.*, 2.

* * *

A hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. MRS. PIPCHIN, *D.S.*, 8.

* * *

His whole sarcastic ill-conditioned self, peering out of one little corner of one little eye, like the concentrated essence of any number of ravens. TACKLETON, *C. on H.*

* * *

He had a manner of looking out of the corners of his eyes . . . which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. GRIMWIG, *O.T.*, 14.

* * *

Two scowling eyes; one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow. SIKES, *O.T.*, 13.

* * *

Eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. DENNIS, *B.R.*, 37.

* * *

He had but one eye, and popular prejudice runs in favour of two . . . greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fanlight of a door. SQUEERS, *N.N.*, 4.

* * *

Hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. URIAH HEEP, *D.C.*, 15.

* * *

Her eyes, like her hands, had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord, as in involuntary admiration. MISS TOX, *D.S.*, 1.

* * *

Eyes very much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. JERRY CRUNCHER, *T.T.C.*, I, 2.

* * *

He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is so often seen in . . . people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary course of study. SEROT. SNUBBIN, *P.P.*, 31.

* * *

A shallow black eye . . . an eye which has no depth in it to be looked into—which seems from some peculiarity of light to be disfigured for a moment at a time, by a cast. MR. MURDSTONE, *D.C.*, 2.

* * *

He had always one eye wide open, and one eye nearly always shut; but the one eye nearly shut was always the expressive one. *C. on H.*

Small-eyed little fellow . . . had some majestic shadowy ideas . . . concerning the power of his eye . . . by a simple process which he termed "eyeing her over." TAPPERTIT, *B.R.*, 4.

* * *

A stout hale personage of about forty, with only one eye, a very bright black eye, which twinkled with a roguish expression of fun and good humour. THE BAGMAN, *P.P.*, 14.

* * *

A pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Telson's Bank. MR. LORRY, *T.T.C.*, 1.

* * *

He had a superior eye-glass dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up. BARNACLE JR., *L.D.*, I, 10.

* * *

An overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and have dug themselves a cave to hide in. GASHFORD, *B.R.*, 35.

* * *

His very bright, large eye, which betrayed a restlessness of thought and purpose, singularly at variance with the studied composure and sobriety of his mien. GORDON, *B.R.*, 35.

* * *

Eyes too close together . . . sharp, rather than bright, pointed weapons with little surface to betray them. They had no depth or change . . . A clock-maker could have made a better pair. RIGAUD, *L.D.*, I, 1.

* * *

Small restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. MR. PERKER, *P.P.*, 10.

* * *

Possessed of what is colloquially termed a swivel eye (derived from her father), which she might perhaps have declined, if her sentiments on the subject had been taken. PLEASANT, *O.M.F.*, II, 12.

* * *

Her large eyes were limpid and almost colourless; they seemed to be little affected by light and to stand unnaturally still . . . She was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. MAGGY, *L.D.*, I, 9.

* * *

Had a cast in his eye, which rendered it quite impossible for any one with whom he conversed to know where he was looking. . . . In short, there was no catching his eye, and perhaps it is a merciful Providence that such eyes are not catching. KITTERBELL, *S. by B.*

* * *

A harmless, inoffensive, good-natured being with a turned-up nose, and rather turned-in legs, with a cast in his eye, and a halt in his gait. PIPKIN, *P.P.*, 17.

PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *DOMBEY AND SON*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

(*Continued from page* 51)

II.

24. Mrs. Dombey at Home.—What a contrast to the previous picture. Phiz has kept to the text with insight, for there is little to guide his composition, which, however, is masterly. The lack of cohesion between the Dombey crowd and the Skewton crowd is well brought out, but the cliquism does not make the crush the less. Dombey, stiff as ever, at one end of the room and Edith, haughty, in the foreground at the other end, while practically in the centre of the throng. With a touch of genius Phiz shows the door open as it would be with such a crowd. The actual biting process of the etching has been very skilfully done to produce so good a stereoscopic effect. Altogether, one of Phiz's triumphs. Look at Mr. Chick whistling and Mrs. Chick chafing under neglect.

25. Miss Tox pays a Visit to the Toodle Family.—A typical Dickensian household in the lower classes. Every sentence of the text is illustrated, and Phiz manages as usual to get in his surroundings appropriate touches. The youngest Toodles has, most aptly, a toy train to the neglect of the wooden horse, and on the mantelpiece is the little china castle with the coloured windows, and the Dutch clock on the farther wall.

26. The Midshipman is boarded by the Enemy.—A feeling for a scene in a farce pervades this picture, but it carries out exactly the spirit of the text, which runs very swiftly. The furniture and the ornaments of the little parlour seem to have undergone some rearrangement, but such a criticism is a little ungrateful of such a lively and satisfying composition. Look at Nelson on the chimney-piece—an admirable Phiz touch.

27. A Chance Meeting.—A high wind on the open downs; the carriage according to the text is "slowly following," giving Phiz a fine opportunity of showing the difficulty the coachman has in controlling the horses which are very effective in action. Observe also how the coachman bends to the blast to keep his hat on while the footman is not so successful. How well the artist has contrasted the (consanguinous) cousins, Alice and Edith.

28. Mr. Dombey and his "Confidential Agent."—This may be considered as an outstanding example of what an illustration should be. The draughtsmanship is masterly and the composition superb. The description of Carker's room in Chapter XXXIII is exactly realised including the picture of "Juno or perhaps Potiphar's Wife, but it resembles Edith." Mr. Dombey is much too high and mighty to see the expression on Carker's face "with the evil slyness of some monkish carving," while in word so pretentedly humble as a "confidential agent." Even the dog that Phiz has introduced looks up admiringly at Dombey and not at his master. The meal is a breakfast, but what a breakfast: a huge bird on the sideboard and the best of shining silver on the table.

29. Florence parts from an Old Friend.—This plate follows the text, as usual, very closely. There are seven faces, each with its individual expression, the coldest being Edith's. Even Towlinson, who has grown whiskers, and Anne in the background, shew a certain concern at the departure of Susan Nipper. Florence's sorrow is caught with the greatest economy of drawing. Susan's trunk is the familiar bow-lidded box much affected by domestics.

30. Abstraction and Recognition.—There is melodrama as well as drama in the story and here is a second scene of melodrama. Phiz gets his "effect", by making the archway to the stables a dark background to throw up the figures of Good Mrs. Brown and Alice. Phiz's posters on the wall are worth study. He has introduced an advertisement of the then lately published "The Bottle," by Cruikshank (1847).

*31. Florence and Edith on the Staircase.—Phiz's son, the late Dr. Edgar Browne, considered this the finest plate in the book, and without entirely agreeing with this opinion, one can admire it as a fine picture, the figures well-posed, the expressions excellent, and the drawing very good indeed. One notes with warm approval the spaciousness of the staircase and the skilful way in which the artist has indicated the various textures in the marbles, the carpet, and the paintwork. These are technical details, but their joint effect makes the beauty of the plate. While antagonism shows itself in the two female figures, Phiz carries out his usual ideas of an emblematic background. Thorwaldsen's well-known plaques, "Night and Morning," decorate the landing, whilst at the back one sees a marble group of "Una and the Lion," and above that a female figure fondling a dove—somewhat satiric, this.

*32. The Shadow in the Little Parlour.—The little Midshipman's parlour once more with the furniture again rearranged—perhaps for Florence's benefit, although it is not so stated in the text. The portrait on the wall, high up, is probably meant for Walter as a little boy. Phiz has not forgotten his bit of seaweed by the barometer in which he has made an amusing mistake; he has put the pointers on its face as if they were clock-hands; in their present position they indicate either a very great rise or a very great fall of the "glass." Or else they mean that Cuttle has not "set" it for a long time; perhaps he has depended entirely on his seaweed.

33. Mr. Dombey and the World.—Mr. Dombey is still erect in spite of his troubles. In spite of what the world expects as voiced by Major Bagstock and Cousin Feenix he "is keeping his thoughts and feelings close within his own breast and imparting them to no one." His grandfather looks down with surprise from his frame and a portrait of his first wife is only half-revealed by the curtain across her face. A miniature of Little Paul is by the mirror over which are some peacock feathers (in a house a sign of ill-luck), while Father Time with his scythe adorns the mantelpiece. The flowers in the vases are dead—an inimitable touch. Mr. Pitt, moved from the dining room, turns up his nose at the whole business. Forster says in connection with Dombey and Son that Dickens had "a nervous dread of caricature in the face of his merchant-hero," and here we feel that whatever slight exaggeration there may be in Bagstock and Feenix, the face of Dombey is a serious study and extremely well done.

34. Secret Intelligence.—One more scene of melodrama, which seems to accompany Good Mrs. Brown. But how her expression has changed; instead of being a crafty and ugly old witch, she has become persuasive and ingratiating. When reading to Captain Cuttle Rob the Grinder twisted up his legs in his difficulty with hard words (*see* Title Vignette); now he twists them up in agony of mind. Mr. Dombey looks "hard, hard, hard." Phiz has put a cloth over the cage of Carker's parrot ready to smother any cries.

*35. Mr. Carker in his Hour of Triumph.—For a picture containing only two figures this plate can rank with No. 31 (Florence and Edith on the Staircase) as one of the two most successful illustrations in the book. The text says that Carker is "baffled, discomfited, and biting his nail nervously." Edith, in spite of her rather stagy attitude,

is finely drawn with her eyes nearly flashing fire. She is wearing the same dress as that in No. 31—a good instance of Phiz's care. The brilliantly lit and rather gaudily decorated apartment in a French hotel has among its ornaments a bronze of St. George and the Dragon. Notice also on the floor the chafing-dish containing the dinner that was never to be eaten, the vase of flowers on the table, and that the clock points close to the hour of midnight.

36. On the Dark Road.—Here is an example of Browne at his best. He revelled in open spaces and was always successful with darkened skies. Look how he hits off exactly the action of a hard-trotting horse. Although there is no wind Carker's cloak is fluttered by the speed of his flight; the row of poplars that indicate the road across an otherwise treeless plain throws up the effect of the dawn just breaking on the horizon.

37. An Arrival.—Dickens is never so happy and effective as in his domestic scenes, and this picture shows that in Browne he had an artistic counterpart. Quite apart from the fact that everything in the book is here reproduced one can enjoy the peaceful happiness of each of the people except Cuttle, who "recovers himself with a great gasp" to shout "Sol Gills, ahoy." Polly Toodle is as apple-faced and pretty as ever. To put Susan Nipper in the foreground is an inspiration, for it is the eve of Walter's wedding, so he and Florence are disposed of, and it is the turn of Susan and Toots to become prominent; the dependence of Toots upon her even in a game of cribbage is well brought out.

38. Let him remember it in that room, years to come.—Dombey's own room again, but not bright as when he received Feenix and Bagstock; it is now darkened except for the shaft of light through the shuttered windows. Pitt still sneers from his perch on the book-case, and the picture of Mrs. Dombey, now unveiled, is half-hidden by a screen on which are pictured thoughts of his memories: the church where he was married; and two idylls of happiness that he has missed—"that which he might have made so different in all the Past." It is the end of his long self-immolation; he is in a dressing-gown, having just come from his bedroom with his "guilty hand grasping something in his breast." Just as his thoughts are "on a stream of blood," Florence enters. To get the full effect of this simply-drawn but profound illustration, the chapter that it illustrates should be read with close attention, when it will be seen how well Dickens and Phiz understood each other and how well they worked together in harmony, each the perfect complement of the other.

39. Another Wedding.—The last picture in the book shows Phiz at his jolliest. Compare this merry wedding with Dombey's nuptials in No. 21. Instead of being mostly Phiz's imagination, in this plate we have a faithful rendering of Dickens's detailed descriptions, while the little additional touches invented by Phiz only increase the effectiveness of the whole. Dombey's wedding was an occasion of ceremony, pomp and circumstance, stiffness and formality; here, in spite of Bunsby's woe-begone expression, his wedding is an occasion of rejoicing to everyone in the procession. Now, look at Phiz's background, evidently drawn *con amore*: the posters on the walls are extremely apt and humorous; "sale by auction," "Clipper schooner Triumph," "wanted, some fine young men," "lost," "la marriage forcé," "tolls for horse, mole, and donkey," at the theatre "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Black-eyed Susan." In the distance is an inn, The Jolly Tar, while outside the tobacconist's is an Indian smoking a pipe of peace. At the butcher's shop some cattle are being driven to the slaughter. In the forefront is a boy in difficulties with a pig he is trying to drive, no doubt emblematic of Mrs. MacStinger's courtship (which "never

did run smooth "), but the fowls on the right show that she has brought her chickens to market. How Phiz must have slily smiled when he dispatched the sketch to Dickens and how Dickens must have roared with laughter when he received it. [Note.—A later edition of this picture gives the name of the clipper as the "Wasp," but that seems too cruel. One wonders if Dickens desired the alteration or if it was Phiz's own amendment.]

Besides the forty illustrations issued with the monthly parts and mentioned in the foregoing list, Phiz produced after the completion of the book twelve further designs (see *Dickensian*, 1942, page 221). These pictures did not represent scenes from the story but were single figure studies: four (Little Paul, Florence, Edith, and Alice) were copper plates from designs by Browne, engraved in mezzotint by R. Young; the other eight (Dombey with Carker, Susan Nipper with Florence and little Paul, Old Sol Gills and Captain Cuttle, Major Bagstock, Miss Tox, Mrs. Skewton, Mrs. Pipchin, and Polly Toodle with her brood of children) were Phiz's own etchings. After publication Browne sent a set to Dickens who acknowledged their receipt thus: "A thousand thanks for the Dombey sketches which I shall preserve and transmit as heirlooms. I shall be near the whereabouts of the boy in the flannel gown [the picture of Little Paul is so portrayed] and will pay him an affectionate visit . . . you are not a-going to back out of the pigmental finishings of the said boy, for if ever I had a boy of my own, that boy is MINE."

Six of these extra plates have already appeared in the pages of this magazine, some more are reproduced in this number, and the remainder will be printed in the next issue.

For the Library Edition of Dickens's works published in 1858-59 Phiz drew two new vignette-title-pages, Little Paul in his carriage by the sea for Volume I and Mr. Dombey and Edith for Volume II of *Dombey and Son*. For the Cheap Edition issued in 1866 Phiz drew a frontispiece that was reproduced as a woodcut.

Finally, it should be noted that all Browne's illustrations to the book were etched on steel plates except the four extra mezzotints which were on copper, and the green wrapper design, which, like the frontispiece to the cheap edition, was a woodcut. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 23, and 24 were etched in duplicate. The whole of the plates were, in 1938, dispersed among the subscribers fortunate to the Nonesuch Dickens.

Florence

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

DICKENS THE CONJUROR, AND A MYSTERY SOLVED

By FRANK STAFF
(Late Hon. Sec. The Magic Circle)

"NOTHING in this hand, nothing in that hand," . . . " ace of hearts" and at the tips of the fingers appears the card mentioned. That is sleight of hand. From the description of the tricks presented by Dickens at private gatherings I do not think that he was an expert at sleight of hand, needing only a few simple sleights for his magic with apparatus.

There is no doubt, however, that Dickens was a master of magic in another form and that the patter, ancient word meaning muttering, possibly from the Latin paternoster, the patter or talk with which he presented his tricks equalled and possibly excelled that of the professional magician.

His descriptive programme of effects* was quaintly humorous. One item is described as " The Travelling Doll Wonder. The necromancer's attendant usually faints on beholding this wonder and is only to be revived by the administration of brandy and water ! ! "

Similar descriptions were given to about half a dozen conjuring experiments, all performed with special apparatus, and the programme may have been similar to that referred to in the Diary as taking place at Forster's on December 31st, 1842. The Travelling Doll appears to have been a favourite trick with Dickens, and in his hands must have been vastly entertaining. His daughter Mamie makes special reference to it in " My Father as I recall him." At one time it invariably appeared in the programmes of the professional.

It is a very old trick, and the effect was described (to the great annoyance of the professional conjuror) in a book by Professor Hoffman, the pen-name of Angelo Lewis, who had been advised by his publishers that to be taken seriously by the public one must be a Professor with a German or Italian name.

" The Travelling Doll " was once known as the " Bonus Genius." When the description of the effect was first published by Professor Hoffmann in or about the year 1873, he described it in his preface as " the trick that has puzzled many generations of our forefathers " ; so it is somewhat ancient.

The Doll is a little wooden figure of a man 4 to 6 inches in height and rather grotesque in colour and design. A little cloak large enough to cover all but the head completed the apparatus. The Doll is usually represented as a Flying Magician and receives a burlesque message to the President of the U.S.A., or H.H. The Tartrate of Magnesia, or the Earl of Rocksalmon and Hake. The Doll is then given his fare or passport, tapped on the head by the performer, and vanishes. The cloak is turned inside out and the hands are seen to be empty. Though this trick is treated with a certain amount of contempt and ignored by the modern conjuring amateur, it might well be revived with success in capable hands.

The interest shown by Dickens in itinerant showmen, in fact every type of showman, is well known, and I was much puzzled at one time by a reference in *Household Words*, November, 1854, to a lad " playing at Ramo Samee with three potatoes." It was some time before this mystery was elucidated and I discovered that Ramo Samee was a proficient juggler, who had appeared at the Victoria Theatre, London, in 1838 and was actually at least once in the same bill as Dickens.

* Prepared for an entertainment at Bonchurch 1849, see Forster.

That was at Hull in 1838-9 when he followed *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Hull Theatre Royal.*

One of my biggest detective puzzles came as a result of reading in a letter to Forster from Dickens, 1854, that at Boulogne he saw "a most consummate master of legerdemain, a perfectly magical genius." Such praise from Charles Dickens stamped the performer as a magician apart. And at long last Eureka—from the Greek, meaning "I have found." I am uncertain of the Greek for "Yes, I think so." It has been stated that the conjuror alluded to by Dickens as a "consummate master of legerdemain," could not be identified. There is a touch of finality there; but did I give up search? No, no! With the aid of a Dickensian, Inspector Bucket, we unearthed a few interesting chapters on Dickens in the Autobiography and Letters of Henry F. Chorley, at one time a regular contributor to "The Athenæum," author of a five-act play in blank verse (oh horror!), produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1850, a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Carlyle, and other Victorian giants, and therefore well qualified to express opinions. He was a frequent visitor to Gads Hill, and letters that passed between Dickens and himself are sufficient to illustrate the terms on which they stood.

Writing in or about the year 1853 on social affairs, Chorley says, regarding the evidence of the senses:

> "What do our keenest powers of observation avail when they are brought to bear on the legerdemain of a Robert-Houdin, a Bosco (that distasteful fat old Italian who executed his wonders by the aid of hands ending arms naked to the shoulders), what still more when they attempt to unravel the sorceries of such a conjurer as the Chevalier de Caston—the only professor of his art who succeeded in puzzling Charles Dickens, himself a consummate and experienced conjurer."

That last paragraph is somewhat convincing. Chorley goes on to mention two tricks performed by the Chevalier. Members of the drawing room audience had taken cards from an unbroken pack, the Chevalier, blindfolded and having his back turned, being in another room, named the chosen cards. A more *detailed* description of the trick would doubtless interest readers of these lines.

The second experiment sounds good. I quote Chorley:

> "There were three of us sitting on an ottoman in the front room, he, as I have said, with his back to us and thoroughly blindfolded. Two opaque porcelain slates, to all appearance entirely new, were introduced. On one of these each of the three wrote in pencil a question, without uttering a word. The slates were laid face to face and bound together with a broad ribbon. My question was in French. 'What was the colour of Cleopatra's hair?' The Chevalier put his hands behind his chair. I placed the slates, so bound, in his two hands. He retained them a moment without stirring or turning, and to my amazement said, 'Cleopatra dyed her hair, so wore all colours.' Now even on the theory of complicity it would be by no means easy to explain this feat. I can only say that I am satisfied I have recounted it accurately."

So much for the Chevalier de Caston. Any questions?

During my search I was shown an interesting letter from Mrs. Carlyle to her cousin, Miss Walsh, dated December, 1843. It describes a party at the house of Macready (*the* Macready). Again I quote:

> "Only think of that excellent Dickens playing the *conjurer* for one whole hour—the *best* conjurer I ever saw—(and I have paid money to see several)—Forster acting as his servant. This part of the entertainment concluded with a plum pudding made out of raw flour, raw eggs, all the raw usual ingredients, boiled in a gentleman's hat—and tumbled out reeking—all in one minute before the eyes of the astonished children

* See *The Dickensian*, 1921, pp. 211-4.

and astonished grown people ! That trick and his other of changing ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs into comfits, and a box of bran into a box full of a live guinea-pig, would enable him to make a handsome subsistence, let the bookseller trade go as it please."

Recollect that the letter was written over ninety years ago, when conjuring secrets *were* secrets and not flaunted on every railway station bookstall, and very few books on the art were available. And so to bed, after having looked up several doubtful words in my Chambers's Dictionary.

RUGBY'S TINY TIM COT COMPLETED

On Sunday, February 7th last, the Tiny Tim Cot in the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby, was formally dedicated. When, in 1935, the branch embarked on a scheme to raise £500 for this purpose, it was hoped to accomplish this task in ten years, and for the first two years an average of about £50 was achieved. In the past two years, however, in spite of the war, and largely through the efforts of a few enthusiasts, the money, largely in Victorian pennies, has come in much faster, and on Friday, December 18th, at the annual meeting of the branch at their headquarters, the Royal George Hotel, Mr. W. Eadon (the Hon. Secretary of the Tiny Tim Cot Committee) handed a cheque for £500 to Mr. P. H. B. Lyon (Headmaster of Rugby School and Chairman of the Board of Management of the Hospital). Nearly every member of the Fellowship was present. Mr. E. D. L. Cole, the President, presided during this ceremony, and also at the annual meeting when the whole of the officers were re-elected. A satisfactory balance sheet was produced, and it was decided to send a further cheque for two guineas to the Dickens House Fund. The decision as to future charitable efforts was deferred to a future meeting.

WHO WAS—

1. In danger of cracking herself like a nut in the front parlour door, by peeping out before she was asked for.
2. The only son of a hard father and mother, parents who weighed, measured and priced everything.
3. The born idiot of the family—most agreeable and most endearing block-head !—with a kind of cleverness in him too.
4. A dirty slipshod girl in black cotton stockings, who might have passed for the neglected daughter of a superannuated dustman in very reduced circumstances.
5. The relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom house officer.
6. Black-eyed young lady, in a very nice little pair of boots with fur round the top.
7. A little servant girl, very tidy, modest and demure, but very pretty too.
8. A short, bustling, over-dressed female . . . who still aimed at youth although she had shot beyond it years ago.
9. Bribed to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a-stoppin' in the house.
10. An indigestive single woman who called her rigidity her religion and her liver, love.
11. Quite a lady in her manners and of a very genteel family . . . a very desirable person to know.
12. A widow lady with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and her arms frothy with soap suds and smoking with hot water.
13. A pursy dwarf of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and extremely little arms.
14. The most audacious boy in all the countryside.
15. Still disengaged, although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part.
16. A-lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny-piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm.
17. One of the dirtiest little unfortunates I ever saw—fixed by the neck between two iron railings.
18. Looked upon as a person of some consideration, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms.
19. A prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long thin countenance and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye—rather sharp, but decidedly bad.
20. A showy man, not to be without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman ; because no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner.

(Answers will be printed in the Summer number.)

TOOTLINGS OF NO CONSEQUENCE

How-de-do. Thankee, I'm very well indeed, myself, I'm much obliged to you. My name is Toots—*Mister* Toots.

* * *

Upon my word and honour, I should be very much obliged to you if you'd improve my acquaintance. I should like to know you very much. I really am in want of a friend, I am. . . . I should be very much obliged to you if you'd cultivate my acquaintance.

* * *

If I am not, in a general way, as sensible as my friends could wish me to be, or as I could wish myself, I really am, upon my word and honour, particularly sensible of what is considerate and kind.

* * *

I get mixed up with all sorts of things that I don't quite understand, and I think there is something rather weak in my—in my head, in short.

* * *

I know I am not what is considered a quick person. I am perfectly aware of that. I don't think anybody could be better acquainted with his own—if it was not too strong an expression I should say with the thickness of his own head—than myself.

* * *

I have quite come into my property now, you know, and—and I don't know what to do with it. If I could be at all useful in a pecuniary point of view, I should glide into the silent tomb with ease and smoothness.

* * *

I shall consider it my duty as a fellow-creature, until I am claimed by the silent tomb, to make the best of myself, and to—to have my boots as brightly polished, as—as circumstances will admit of.

* * *

You know, Captain Gills, I—I positively adore Miss Dombey; I—I am perfectly sore with loving her.

* * *

Mine ain't a selfish affection, you know It's the sort of thing with me, that if I could be run over—or—or trampled upon—or—or thrown off a very high place—or anything of that sort—for Miss Dombey's sake, it would be the most delightful thing that could happen to me.

* * *

Although I am very well off, you can't think what a miserable beast I am. The hollow crowd, you know . . . suppose me to be happy; but I'm wretched.

* * *

I suffer for Miss Dombey; I can't get through my meals; I have no pleasure in my tailor; I often cry when I'm alone. I assure you it will be a satisfaction to me to come back to-morrow, or to come back fifty times.

* * *

Admiration is not the word. Upon my honour, you have no conception what my feelings are. If I could be dyed black, and made Miss Dombey's slave, I should consider it a compliment.

* * *

If, at the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog—I—I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail. I should be so perfectly happy.

* * *

I am in such a state of mind, and am so dreadfully in earnest, that if I could swear to it upon a hot piece of iron, or a live coal, or melted lead, or burning sealing-wax, or anything of that sort, I should be glad to hurt myself, as a relief to my feelings.

* * *

The state of my feelings towards Miss Dombey is of that unspeakable description, that my heart is a desert island, and she lives in it alone.

* * *

I'm getting more used-up every day. If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is.

* * *

I'm in a state of mind bordering on distraction . . . I'm at present in that state that my brain is going, if not gone, and anything approaching to politeness in an individual so situated would be a hollow mockery. . . . I haven't dared to shave, I'm in that rash state. I haven't had my clothes brushed. My hair is matted together.

* * *

As to sleep, you know, I never sleep now. I might be a Watchman, except that I don't get any pay, and he's got nothing on his mind.

* * *

A most wretched sort of affair this world is! Somebody's dying, or going and doing something uncomfortable in it. I'm sure I never should have looked forward so much to coming into my property if I had known this. I never saw such a world.

* * *

I beg your pardon, but you don't happen to see anything particular in me, do you? Because you know, I KNOW I'm wasting away. . . . Burgess & Co. have altered my measure, I'm in that state of thinness. It's a gratification to me. I'm—I'm glad of it. I—I'd a great deal rather go into a decline, if I could, I'm a mere brute you know, grazing upon the surface of the earth.

* * *

Miss Dombey. I really am in that state of adoration of you that I don't know what to do with myself. I am the most deplorable wretch. If it wasn't at the corner of the Square at present, I should go down on my knees, and beg and entreat of you, without any encouragement at all, just to let me hope that I may—may think it possible that you——

* * *

Good-bye, Miss Dombey. I hope you won't think anything about it. It's—it's of no consequence, thank you. It's not of the least consequence in the world.

* * *

Miss Dombey; if I shed a tear, it is a tear of joy. It is of no consequence, and I am very much obliged to you. I may be allowed to remark that it is not my intention to neglect my person any longer.

DOMBEY, CUTTLE, AND CHESTERTON

By M. K. BRADBY

I

RIPE in years but new to Dickens, I have lately become acquainted with *Dombey and Son*, and since my approach is somewhat unusual, my impressions may interest Dickensians.

I expected to dislike the book because I had heard it abused, and because I was cold to Captain Cuttle when met in isolation. But anything which Dickens thought worth publishing I knew that I should find worth reading, provided only that I could capture his mood and meaning. When I had gone straight through the book once for the plot, I began to enjoy a second reading for the people, and was soon guffawing at the impossible Captain Cuttle.

Or *is* he impossible ? Before he ran away to sea as a boy he was brought up by an uncle who trained Church of England lay-readers, which accounts for his "overhaul your catechism"—a fact I had overlooked.

The great character in the book I found to be Mr. Dombey himself. His peers are Pecksniff and Podsnap, and these three we have always with us. It was Dombeyism, not so long ago, that took us to Munich, and supplied the umbrella, and nearly lost us the war before it started. Dombeyism was the blight of my youth ; escape from it is the joy of my age. I delighted in Edith's defiance of her husband and the trouncing she gave him, unblemished by physical violence.

Dombeyism to me means a way of looking at things and a mode of life based on respect for authority. It demands of everyone that they shall conform closely to the code of behaviour and the fashions of the day accepted in their social circle. In Mr. Dombey's circle property was the great claim to respect ; decorum and self-control, along with a taste for certain premitted vices, were credentials to social approval. But in another age Mr. Dombey might well embrace poverty and be constantly roaring with laughter and skipping with joy, when it was the fashion to be child-like just as he required Mrs. Skewton to gush about artlessness when it was the fashion for ladies to worship Nature with a big N. He might thrive in a Trappist monastery or a communal farm, but he would never let you be natural, unless you happened to be born a true Dombey with a natural predeliction for correct behaviour and with a cold heart. He is the great kill-joy of youth, because he destroys spontaneity by demanding conformity.

This quality in him I take to be pure and simple pride—the very slime of the devil, as a preacher once called it. Dickens was singularly free from its taint, as was his father before him. He sees through it and stands outside it, like one of William James's once-born, "unspotted from the world." Every Dombey wants to be admired on his own grounds, but these embarrassing children of light admire him on quite other grounds, and are very aggravating, even in their books and to successive generations !

In real life, as in Dickens, the Little Lord Fauntleroys and the Little Dorrits do not melt the stoney hearts of their elders, but are crushed by them, and in real life the only possible way for a Dombey to reform is as Dickens made it, justifying himself with extraordinary insight. A change-over from crossness to amiability is common in cases of senile decay ; so is the change back again. Mr. Dombey met with a complete breakdown along his own lines. He shifted on to the opposite set of lines, because no other way was open to him which offered a routine in which he would be respected and sure of his creature comforts. He was able to shift because every emotion has its opposite

in the unconscious mind, and when one set of motives gets overworked the opposite set becomes ready for action. When he was spurning Florence in his waking hours he cherished her in his dreams. Now he was changed. He was still the same proud, self-important, completely conventional man, but his change to conventional amiability made him pleasant to live with.

II.

Mr. Andrew Lang (though he thought himself qualified to edit *Dombey and Son*) was allergic to Dombey Senior. Similarly, Mr. Chesterton did not appreciate Captain Cuttle. Where a character irritates us it exhibits traits which we dare not face in ourselves—a truth which Dickens caught sight of in the case of Pecksniff and his detractors. Conversely, where a character appeals to us strangely, as did Little Nell to Jeffrey and Landor, it exhibits traits in ourselves which are not given sufficient scope in daily life. Knowing this, I turned to Captain Cuttle and then to Chesterton, as revealed in his "Dickens," to find out what it was in Captain Cuttle that repelled that great admirer of Dickens's fools in general.

Captain Cuttle's famous sayings are both wise and witty, but models of loose thinking; I forebear to analyse them. The Captain himself is a man of a large make (like his coat), a hearty optimist, skilled in handling craft in wind and weather, showing judgment and sound sense. He is the soul of generosity and chivalry, but as simple as a child, imagining everyone to be like himself, full of goodwill and honest prejudice. Consequently he misunderstands people and situations. On any subject in hand he sees just what it suits him to see and nothing else. He forms conclusions from which he is immoveable, not from obstinacy, but from inability to change his point of view when his whole habit of thought is involved in the change. His friends suffer from his loose and cocksure thinking. He might have saved Walter Gay from banishment to the West Indies but for his misreading of Dombey and Carker.

I found Chesterton's "Dickens" to be full of the same sort of genial, self-assured, downright plain-spoken, "howlers" that Captain Cuttle indulged in galore, paradox taking the place of quotations. But if Chesterton had realised the Captain Cuttle in himself, his conscience would have compelled him to trace his downward course from Browning to Dickens; to see and repent the lazy mental ways into which he had allowed himself to slip, because it was so easy to be hailed as a champion of Dickens and to reach a nineteenth edition without correcting his mistakes by reference to Forster and without considering respectfully what Dickens chose to say about himself.

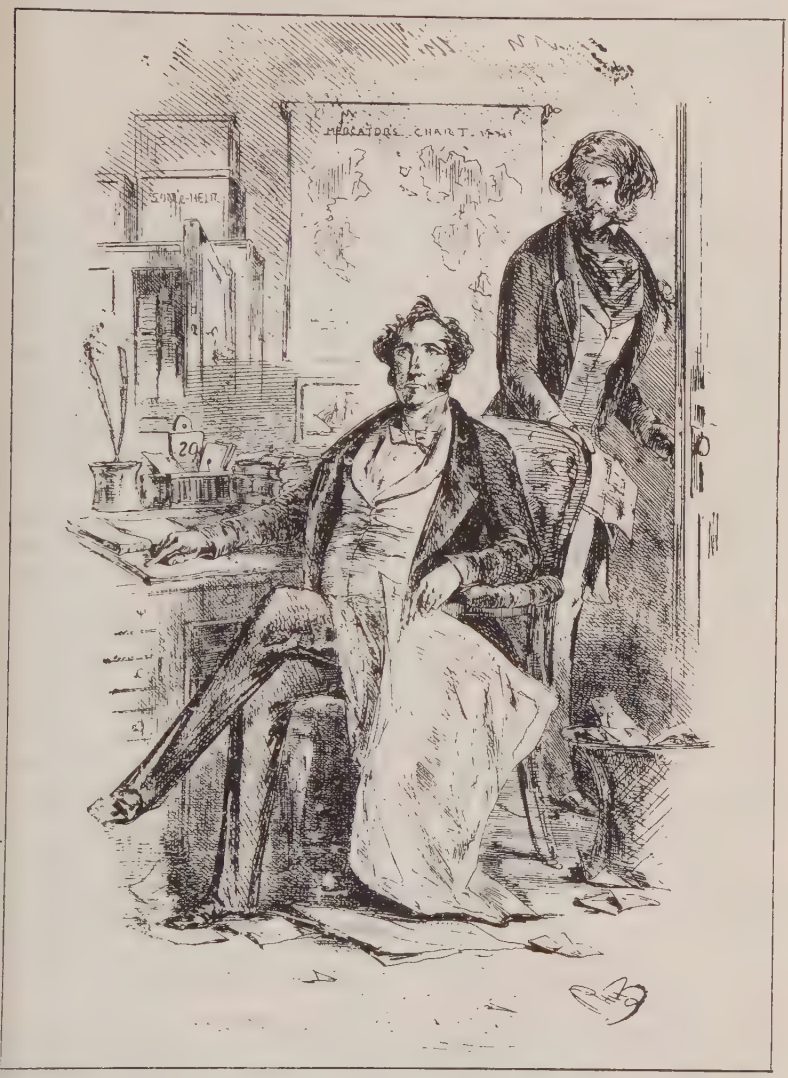
Here, then, are samples of Chesterton's errors, which I do not hesitate to set forth, feeling that Chesterton was so sincere a man that he would bid me go ahead and thereby aid his soul in purgatory.

Chesterton, wishing to account for Dickens's incompatible marriage as a case of falling in love with several sisters and marrying the wrong one, describes the Hogarths as "a whole family of girls," "with all of whom Dickens appears to have been on terms of great affection."

The Hogarths were a family of boys and girls. The two nearest Dickens in age were Catherine and her brother, Robert. The other two girls were fifteen and seven.

When Dickens was twelve and his family in the Marshalsea he "found himself somehow or other one of a row of ragged boys in a great dreary factory, pasting the same kind of labels on the same kind of blacking-bottles from morning to night." "The wheels of the great factory went on. They manufactured a number of bottles of Warren's Blacking."

There was no great factory, no wheels, no row of ragged boys, only a tumbledown warehouse in odd corners of which Dickens and two or three other boys were employed in covering up and pasting labels on to pots of paste-blacking which was to divert custom from the famous Warren by calling itself the only genuine Warren.



Mr. Dombey

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

Chesterton says that the little Dickens was so miserable at the blow to his gentility from this degrading occupation that one day he broke down to his father and "implored to be freed from the factory."

He did no such thing. He knew it would be useless. What he *did* implore of his father was to end his cruel banishment from home and

to let him lodge nearer the prison so that he could visit them every day and not on Sundays only. He found his loneliness unbearable. To miss this fact is to miss the origin of the unappreciated half-neglected child, who is never self-pitying or sentimental, but who wins through by sheer indomitable good-will and persistence—Florence Dombey, Esther Summerson, Little Dorrit. Forster gives it all in Dickens's own words; but admitted by Chesterton it would have knocked the bottom out of his theory that at twelve Dickens was "excessively intellectualised," and "excessively egotistical," and "bitterly ambitious."

Chesterton says that Dickens voiced the anger of the poor, and the things the poor hate are hospitals and "doctors, inspectors, poor-law guardians, professional philanthropy. They never showed any reluctance to be helped by the old and corrupt monasteries. They will often die rather than be helped by the modern and efficient workhouse."

Such confusion of ideas surpasses even Captain Cuttle, for the Captain would have told you that a ship is none the worse for being modern and efficient, but that whether life on board is happy or not for the ordinary seaman depends upon the captain, and this, whether the owners are the mediæval papacy or present-day poor-law authorities.

Dickens was a warm friend to hospitals and to workhouses that were modern and efficient. For twenty years in his weekly journal he championed progress and efficiency and attacked sloth and mismanagement. See his *Small Star in the East* and his *Wapping Workhouse*. While if ever there was a famous philanthropist, it was the Baroness Burdett Coutts, whom Dickens helped, year after year, to bestow her philanthropic gifts well and carefully.

Chesterton says: "In the July of 1844 Dickens went on an Italian tour which he afterwards summarised in the book called *Pictures from Italy* . . . In the May of 1846 he ran over to Switzerland and tried to write *Dombey and Son* at Lausanne."

The facts are these. In July, 1844, Dickens took his wife and his five children under eight to live in Italy for a year. In the May of 1846 he took his wife and his six children under ten to live at Lausanne for six months. It was a case of an earnest, dutiful family man anxiously keeping his household expenditure within his means by letting his house and living cheaply abroad, to the delight of his children.

Two more points of difference. Chesterton says it was "the first and last dignity of Dickens that he was a creator. He did not point out things, he made them." Chesterton refuses to believe Dickens when he says that he "picked up his characters in the street."

Now Mrs. Gamp was picked up after *Martin Chuzzlewit* had started. She was a woman brought in to nurse Mrs. Brown, Miss Burdett Coutts' great friend. Dickens, in creating Mrs. Gamp, pointed out this woman, and continues to point out her successors. One such I know in a Devonshire village. She sicks and she monthlies and she is drunk when she lays you out. She once wanted to borrow £200 of me to start a "little business"!

Chesterton further remarks that Dickens and Phiz "were as suited to each other, and to the common creation of a unique thing, as Gilbert and Sullivan. No other illustrator ever breathed the true Dickens atmosphere."

The fact is that Dickens often writhed and suffered under the misrepresentations of Phiz. He said that Cattermole's illustrations to the *Old Curiosity Shop* were the first that had ever expressed his idea. It was Phiz who invented that repulsive creature the little Nell who dies to slow music, as unlike Dickens's Little Nell as Mrs. Skewton is unlike Polly Toodle. For every one of Dickens's striking characters Phiz invented a horrible travesty, striking, too, but defiantly

contradicting Dickens. Take Captain Cuttle, for example ! He was dressed in a wide blue coat and waistcoat, so Phiz put him into a narrow blue coat (so narrow that it wouldn't meet across the chest) and a large white waistcoat. He had bushy black eyebrows, portentous when he knitted his brows in thought ; so Phiz shaved off his brows, leaving two little patches which disappeared when he knitted his brows. He had a nose all over knobs like his stick, so Phiz gave him a beaky nose with no knob, only pimples, and he gave the same nose to Mrs. Pipchin and again to Major Bagstock !

Gilbert and Sullivan, indeed !

FROM VANCOUVER BRANCH IN WAR-TIME

During the whole three years of conflict *The Dickensian*, through the indefatigable energies of its Editor, Mr. Walter Dexter, and the constant vigil of the various war services, has reached us here in Vancouver almost as promptly as in peace time, and this we regard as a splendid achievement.

From the pages of the Autumn Number comes word of heavy losses and severe hardships suffered by many branches in the old land, and our sympathy and love go out to our brothers and sisters who have so courageously carried on in the face of such terrible odds. Such heroism and fortitude inspires us to greater effort here in this part of the Empire which has so far escaped the ravages of war.

After reading such experiences as those recorded, a report from Vancouver will perhaps seem of little account. At the outset our Executive Council decided that it would be in the interests of all concerned—and especially in view of the example set by Headquarters—to keep the Dickensian flag flying. At the same time it was felt that in order to justify our existence as an organisation in war time, something should be done along patriotic lines, and this idea materialised soon after the heavy raids on London and other cities in Britain, and a fund was started for the benefit of the sufferers, and especially the children in the bombed areas. This fund has been administered by the Reading Circle, whose members have also collected and despatched parcels of clothing for distribution in those areas.

Our regular meetings have been held every month without a break in continuity excepting for summer recess and have consisted in addresses by prominent citizens, Dickensian sketches, readings, and musical selections, and occasionally the programmes have been confined almost exclusively to the efforts of members themselves.

Remembering that Dickens was a great lover of children and the pleasure he derived from entertaining them—particularly at the Christmas season—we have arranged on several occasions with some of the dramatic schools in the city to provide the larger portion of their Christmas programmes.

Our junior Dickensians have also been most enthusiastic in their endeavours, but latterly their activities have been materially curtailed owing to depleted numbers, several having joined the Forces.

A. M. C.

FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS ANSWERED

(*See page* 20)

1, Wemmick Sr. (GE) ; 2, Mrs. Cruncher (TTC) ; 3, Cavaletto (LD), 4, Jack Dawkins (OT) ; 5, Pepper (GE) ; 6, Robin Toodle (DS) ; 7, Rigaud (LD) ; 8, Bella Wilfer (OMF); 9, Ezekiel (MJ) ; 10, David Copperfield ; 11, Caroline Jellyby (BH) ; 12, Mrs. Skewton (DS) ; 13, David Copperfield ; 14, Esther Summerson (BH) ; 15, St. Evremonde (TTC); 16, Hutley (PP) ; 17, Mary Peerybingle (CH) ; 18, Hexam (OMF) ; 19, Mr. Boffin (OMF); 20, See p. 38 "Notes to *Dombey*." Ch. 58 No. 2 ; 21, John Harmon (OMF) ; 22, Ninetta Crummles (NN) ; 23, Rigaud (LD) ; 24, Dora (DC) ; 25, Amy Dorrit (LD) ; 26, Unknown (DC) ; 27, Nell Trent (OCS) ; 28, Gridley (BH) ; 29, Edward Leeford (OT) ; 30, Noah Claypole (OT) ; 31, Mark Tapley (MC) ; 32, Richard Babley (DC) ; 33, Cleaver (LD) ; 34, Philip Pirrip (GE) ; 35, Mr. Boffin (OMF) ; 36, Mrs. Markleham (DC) ; 37, Mr. Gummidge (DC) ; 38, Clickett (DC) ; 39, Minnie Meagles (LD) ; 40, Magwitch (GE) ; 41, Robin Toodle (DS) ; 42, Harmon (OMF) ; 43, Mr. Wilfer (OMF) ; 44, Harris (OCS) ; 45, Harriet Beadle (LD) ; 46, Tim Cratchit (CC) ; 47, Poor Jo (BH) ; 48, George Rouncewell (BH) ; 49, Harris (OCS) ; 50, Tom Gradgrind (HT).

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY DICKENS

By E. I. GORE DAVIDS

CHARLES DICKENS has his spiritual ancestors at the very beginning of our modern literature in the years between 1350 and 1450—Langland, Chaucer and Lydgate. Lydgate's "London Lickpenny" anticipates both *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*:

"To the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him for God's sake to take heed,
But for lack of money I might not speed.
* * * * *
Unto the Common Pleas I yode tho [went then],
Where sat one with a silken hood;
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I coud,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed."

and *Oliver Twist*:

"Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among:
I saw where hung mine owne hood
That I had lost among the throng:
To buy mine own hood I thought it wrong."

Langland, in "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman," drew wonderful portraits, vivid as those of Dickens, but he made them actors in an allegory and removed them from real life.

But Geoffrey Chaucer, who looked on men and women with a seeing eye and drew them as he saw them, was a writer with much of the Dickens spirit in him in his later days, that is, the days of the "Canterbury Tales."

I picture him much as his own eagle in "The Hous of Fame" pictures him, looking out on life from the windows of a tower—first through gaily tinted French glass, then through richer Italian, finally through clear English, when he sees all the procession of life in its true colours.

The early writer seems to have had an easier and happier youth than Dickens. He had the usual education of boys of his day, and as a royal page knew something of court life, of wars, and of the diplomatic service. His travels in France and Italy were part of his "job"; his poetry, though it brought him into the front rank, was more or less incidental. He knew the House of Commons of his day as a member—he was a Knight of the Shire for Kent. He knew also, like John Dickens, what it meant to be hard up, out of a job, and in debt.

Dickens had his hardships at the outset of life; his travels in France and Italy were for recreation after he had made his name. His writing was his profession, and he knew his House of Commons from the reporters' gallery.

But with all the difference of circumstance we can find much likeness in the outlook and method of the two writers.

Turn to the introduction to "The Canterbury Tales" and compare it with the first chapter of *The Haunted Man*.

Chaucer is describing spring:

"Whan that Aprille, with his shoures soote
The droght of March hath perced to the roote . . .
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweetebreeth
Inspired hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes . . .
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages."

Dickens is describing "the dead winter time":

"When the wind was blowing, shrill and shrewd . . . When people in the streets bent their heads and ran before the weather . . . When twilight everywhere released the shadows . . . that . . . closed in and gathered like mustering swarms of ghosts . . . When he sat . . . gazing at the fire."

Both writers have produced their effect by a similar piling up of circumstances.

I do not think Dickens knew much of Chaucer. From his own evidence we cannot trace his reading farther back than Defoe—Ebenezer Scrooge and David Copperfield were well read in seventeenth and eighteenth century literature. But his method of portrait painting is like Chaucer's. A character appears—his or her dress, appearance, "tricks and manners" are described, then he or she is left to self-revelation in talk and conduct.

Consider the portraits of that motley company at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, who have met for the purpose of visiting in a body (for safety on the road) the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, "the holy blisful martir . . . that hem hath holpen whan that they were seke."

The Knight perhaps as a character has no exact parallel in Dickens, because his type, a mercenary soldier who was also a great gentleman, was pretty well extinct by the nineteenth century. His beautiful manners, perfectly genuine, are such as Dickens drew affectionately in Twemlow and those "Nature's gentlemen," Dan'l Peggotty and Joe Gargery.

"Though that he was worthy, he was wys
And of his port as meke as is a maid.
He never yet no vileinye ne said
In al his lyf unto no maner of wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

And in his son is there not a suggestion of David Copperfield, when in the glory and agony of his love for Dora?

"With him ther was his son, a yong Squyer,
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle as they wer laid in press.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse . . .
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyt and reede . . .
Short was his goun, with sleeves long and wyde . . .
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He slepe na mo than dooth the nightingale."

Says David: "I bought four sumptuous waistcoats . . . for Dora, and took to wearing straw-coloured kid gloves in the streets, and laid the foundations of all the corns I have ever had . . . I [took] a night-walk to Norwood . . . perambulated round and round the house and gardens for two hours."

The Prioress resembles Miss Twinkleton, of the Nuns' House, Cloisterham, in her elegant manners, especially at table, and her attempts to be fashionable. She

"peyned her to countrefeite cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence."

But with her pet dogs she is like Dora with Jip:

"Of smale houndes had shee, that shee fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel breed [best bread, cake].
But sore weep she if oon of hem wer dede,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte."

One could thus consider every character in turn, but the gallery is too big for such detailed treatment, but a few outstanding figures may be considered. Is not this very like Mr. Wardle:

> "A Frankeleyn was ther in the companye . . .
> An housholder, and that a great, was he . . .
> Withoute bake mete never was his house,
> Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous
> It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke.
> Of all deyntees that men coude thinke . . .
> His table dormant in his halle alway
> Stood redy covered al the longe day."

Very Dingley Dell-ish, surely.

The shipman, the merchant sailor of Chaucer's day, a bit of a pirate and smuggler, has his companion portraits in Captains Cuttle and Bunsby.

There is something of Mrs. Gamp in Alisoun, the Wyf of Bath, a gloriously developed character who well repays close study.

Particularly worth considering is Chaucer's treatment of hypocrites —the Pecksniffs, Chadbands and Stigginses that he knew. Here is the summoner, whose duty was to bring offenders before the Ecclesiastical Court, but who was easily bribed. Note the bitter use of "good felawe."

> "A better felawe shuld men noghte find.
> He wolde suffer for a quart of wyn
> A good felawe to [liven as a swyn]
> A twelve month, and excuse him atte fulle . . .
> And if he found o-where a good felawe,
> He wolde teach him for to have non awe
> In such a cas of the archdeknes curs,
> But if a mannes soul wer in his purs,
> For in his purs he sholde punished be."

Then the pardoner, selling forgiveness of sins, forms of pardon signed by the Pope, also "holy relics."

> "This pardoner had hair as yelwe as wex,
> But smooth it hung as doth a strike of flex:
> Ful thin it lay, by colpons oon and oon . . .
> His walet lay biforn him in his lappe.
> Bret-ful of pardons come from Rome al hoot.
> A voys he had as small as any goot . . .
> In his male he had a pilwebeere [pillow-case]
> Which that he seyde was our Lady veil . . .
> He hadde a cros of latoun, ful of stones,
> And in a glas he hadde pigges bones . . .
> He was in church a noble ecclesiaste.
> Wel coud he rede a lesson or a storie,
> But alderbeste he sung an offertorie,
> For wel he wyste, whan that song was sung,
> He meste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
> To winne silver."

How like Dickens's treatment of similar characters! The mock admiration through which he voices some of his strongest condemnation —especially of Pecksniff— is the same. Both writers hate sham virtue like poison.

The man who openly scoffs at rules and makes no pretences is treated much more leniently. Chaucer in "chaffing" speech pretends to agree with the worldly monk, for example, and leads him on to "give himself away" completely. There is, however, no bitterness in Chaucer's laughter at him.

For sheer beauty the description of the poor parson is supreme:

" A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poore Person of a toun :
But riche he was of holy thought and work.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Christes gospel trewely wold preche . . .
Ful lothe wer him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of dowte,
Unto his poore parischens aboute,
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce . . .
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte . . .
And though he holy wer and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous . . .
A bettre preest I trowe ther mowher non is . . .
Christes lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve."

Does not that description fit the Rev. Frank Milvey, " wretchedly paid," who was as much delighted with Mr. Boffin's offer of " a twenty-pound note or so " to be used for charity as if he and his wife " had no wants of their own, but only knew what poverty was in the persons of other people " ?

And are not these two characters proof, if any be needed, that neither Chaucer nor Dickens mocked at real goodness and holiness ?

As the pilgrims travel to Canterbury they follow in part David Copperfield's road to Dover. They file along Old Kent Road by St. Thomas à Waterings, pass " Depeford," cross Blackheath, looking down upon " Grenewich, ther many a schrewe is inne," go up Shooter's Hill, traverse the wilds of Bexley Heath, and stay the night at Dartford. The next day they reach Rochester, not *via* Gravesend, but on the higher Watling Street, thence to " Sidenbourne." The third night they probably spend at Ospringe, near Faversham, then go on by Boughton-under-Blean and Harbledown (" Bob-up-and-down ") to Canterbury.

And as they go they tell tales. Each teller has something characteristic—the Knight a heroic romance, the Prioress the pitiful tale of a child martyr, the Wyf of Bath the splendid fairy tale of Sir Gawain and the Lothely Lady, the Oxford scholar the old story of Patient Grisilde.

Every story but one is an old tale, gathered from Chaucer's reading of Italian and other literature. The exception is a parody of the popular English ballad of chivalry, the rhyme of Sir Thopas, which he allots to himself. It jog-trots along, and never gets anywhere, for the Host stops it as a " drasty tale."

When Dickens's characters, as in *Pickwick*, begin story-telling the tales are original, possibly short stories he had by him, but that he, too, could make imitation old legends is shown by his " Five Sisters " and the Bladud story.

Plots of stories really matter very little to the value of either Chaucer or Dickens. What is important with each is his power of creating characters and keeping them alive. " Here is God's plenty," said Dryden when he discovered Chaucer, and " Here is God's plenty," said Professor Saintsbury in a review of Dickens.

Each writer in his age observed men, drew their portraits, held up their virtues to admiration, their vices to ridicule—so much more humiliating than condemnation—and their foibles to tolerant kindliness. Each has left a wonderful portrait gallery of typical English folk of his day, so vividly described that pictorial illustration is really unnecessary. Yet each has been well served by his illustrators, for there can be no doubt about identifying the figures in the Ellesmere Chaucer or the original Dickens illustrations.

Both Chaucer and Dickens knew well their London and their Kent, but on the whole Chaucer's settings matter less than Dickens's, whose places are as alive as his people.

I cannot help feeling that Chaucer, if he could have been transplanted into the nineteenth century would have drawn his characters in a Dickensian way, and I hope it may be allowed that there is some little justification for my title, "A Fourteenth Century Dickens."

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN *PICKWICK*

Years ago a foreman printer in New Zealand, knowing I was a Dickens lover, related the following. As a boy he worked in a London printing house, at the time of the publication of *Pickwick*. It will be remembered that when Sam Weller first appeared, Dickens described him as "imparting a shine to a pair of top boots that would have driven envy into the amiable heart of Mr. Warren. (They used Day and Martin at the White Hart.)"

The firm of Day and Martin realised, or someone called their attention to the fact that they had been given a splendid advertisement. So they decided to exploit the favourable position. They printed thousands of slips containing the passage for the purpose of pasting one on every cake of blacking turned out. Dickens heard of their intention, and was very much annoyed, primarily because he knew suspicions would be aroused that he had collaborated with the firm. His publishers communicated with Day and Martin, and pointed out that there was no legal barrier to the use of the passage, but that the author would take it as a great kindness if they refrained from doing so. The world was not so highly commercialised in those days as it is now, and the firm acceded to the request.

To my friend, who was the "printer's devil" at the time, was allotted the task of burning the printed slips. He told me he had no knowledge of Dickens at the time. Years afterwards, when he developed a love for Dickens, he realised what an interesting memento he could have had if he had retained some of the slips.

Many large firms were quick to realise what a splendid advertisement Dickens had unconsciously given Day and Martin, and they offered to pay considerable sums if, in his next work, he would give them a similar advertisement. Needless to say, Dickens did not succumb to the temptation.

Herbert Mulvihill (Auckland, N.Z.).

THE FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA

It is with the very greatest satisfaction that we are able to announce the formation of two new branches of the Dickens Fellowship in the U.S.A. On the one hand it is splendid evidence of the vigour of the Fellowship even in these difficult times, and on the other we are convinced that such happenings cannot but help to cement ever growing Anglo-American understanding.

The branches are at Marion, Ohio, founded by Dr. Edward Ellsworth Hipsher, and at Maryville, Missouri, where Mrs. A. F. Harvey will be happy to welcome Dickensians. The secretarial addresses will be found in the list of branches which appears on the cover.

To both these new shoots of the sturdy plant we send the warmest welcome and our best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous career.

L. C. S.

ANSWERS TO "WHO WAS—"

(*See page* 39.)

1, Mrs. General; 2, One of the P. Saley family; 3, Jaggers; 4, Gradgrind; 5, Mr. Lirriper; 6, Mlle Hortense; 7, Fogg; 8, The Game Chicken; 9, Mrs. Bardell; 10, Sim Tappertit; 11, Dr. Slammer; 12, Fanny Dorrit; 13, Mrs. Waterbrook; 14, Wemmick Senior; 15, Dr. Chillip; 16, Miss Havisham; 17, Mrs. Gradgrind; 18, Miss Nupkins; 19, Mrs. Jiniwin.

THE UNIQUE READING BOOKS

By L. A. KENNETHE

THE majority of the books used by Dickens for his Readings have been preserved. On the conclusion of the public readings these books, as well as all details of the tours and the accounts, were handed to Charles Kent for the purpose of making a record ("Charles Dickens as a Reader," published in 1872). Kent says there were twenty such Readings prepared, including four which were never delivered, *The Bastille Prisoner*, *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, *The Haunted Man*, and *Great Expectations*. Kent, however, missed *The Signalman*, making the total twenty-one.

The books of the first two readings, *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, were sold at the Gad's Hill sale in 1870 for £25 each. They realised $5000 and $4000 respectively at the Cortlandt Field Bishop sale in New York in April, 1938.

The Christmas Carol is a volume bound in half red morocco, octavo size, made up of the leaves of an ordinary edition (16mo size) inlaid to 8vo size. The story as originally written is considerably reduced, and many extra words added; in the margins are notes to assist the delivery, such as "cheerful," "tone to mystery," "soften very much," "tone to pathos," "up to cheerfulness," "stern pathos," "mystery," "weird," "cheerful narrative," "quick on."

The Cricket on the Hearth reading-book is made up in the same manner; the marginal notes include such instructions for delivery as "domestic pathos," "surprise coming, mystery," "quick," "mystery," "pathos," "earnest," "very pathetic," "very strong to the end."

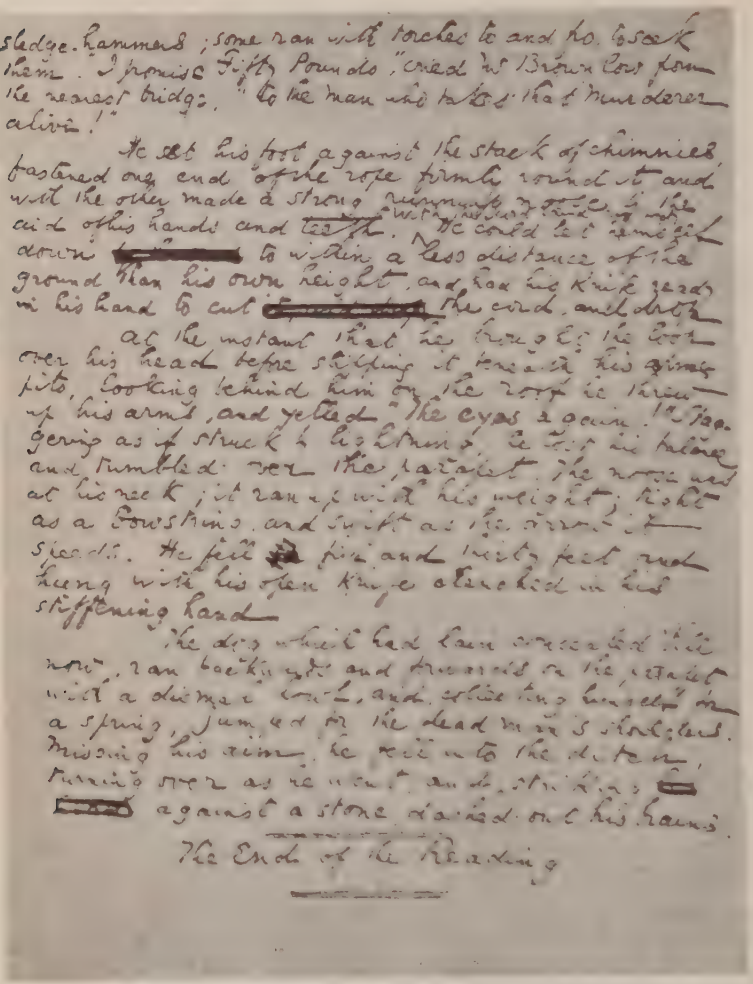
The Chimes was the next book to be read, and the first book to be specially printed for a Reading. It is octavo in size, again with many marginal notes to guide him in delivery. In its present state it is bound up with a much later Reading, *Sikes and Nancy*, in half red morocco. It seems improbable that it was so bound in Dickens's day; neither of these books figures in the Gad's Hill sale, and we do not know what was their history prior to their appearance in the New York sale of 1938 when they fetched no less than $7500. Naturally most interest is centred in the *Sikes and Nancy* Reading, which has appended to it three pages of manuscript in Dickens's hand. As the reading was originally planned and printed, it concluded with Sikes burning the bloodstained weapon with which he had committed the murder, and leaving the house, dragging the dog behind him.

Kent says that after the trial reading he protested against this as an inconclusive ending, and in reply Dickens wrote to him that no audience on earth could be held for ten minutes after the girl's death. "Trust me to be right. I stand there, and I know," he added. But nevertheless Dickens altered his opinion, and in all the subsequent public readings added an account of the murderer's flight, ending with his destruction on the house-top. The final page of the Reading is illustrated in facsimile on page 76.

The copy of *Nicholas Nickleby at the Yorkshire School*, specially printed and bound in half red morocco, fetched £21 at the Gad's Hill sale, but realised $1800 in 1938. This book, in addition to containing very full notes for the manner of delivery, has, pasted down on a number of its pages, extracts from an ordinary edition of the novel, showing that Dickens was not really satisfied with his first condensation of the story.

David Copperfield is also specially printed in an octavo volume, bound half red morocco, with many additional words in MS. and notes for the reading of it. This fetched $4000 at the New York sale 1938.

The Story of Little Dombey fetched only $2000 at the same sale, one of the vagaries of book auctions, for it was one of the most popular of the Readings. It is specially printed and bound similar to the others, and contains many corrections, additions, and marginal notes. A reproduction of one of the pages is given opposite.



sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro, to search them. "I promise Fifty Pounds," cried Mr Brown-Low from the nearest bridge, "to the man who takes that murderer alive!"

He set his foot against the stack of chimnies, fastened one end of the rope firmly round it and with the other made a strong running noose in the aid of this hands and teeth. He could let himself down [redacted] to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and took his knife ready in his hand to cut [redacted] the cord, and both at the instant that he heard the loop over his head before slipping it round his own feet. Looking behind him on the roof he threw up his arms, and yelled "The eyes again!" Then sprang as if struck by lightning, fell back, reeled and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck; it ran up with his weight; light as a cow-skin, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell [redacted] feet and hung with his open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The dog which had been attracted by the noise, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, elbowing himself in a spring, jumped on the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning over as he went, and striking [redacted] against a stone dashed out his brains.

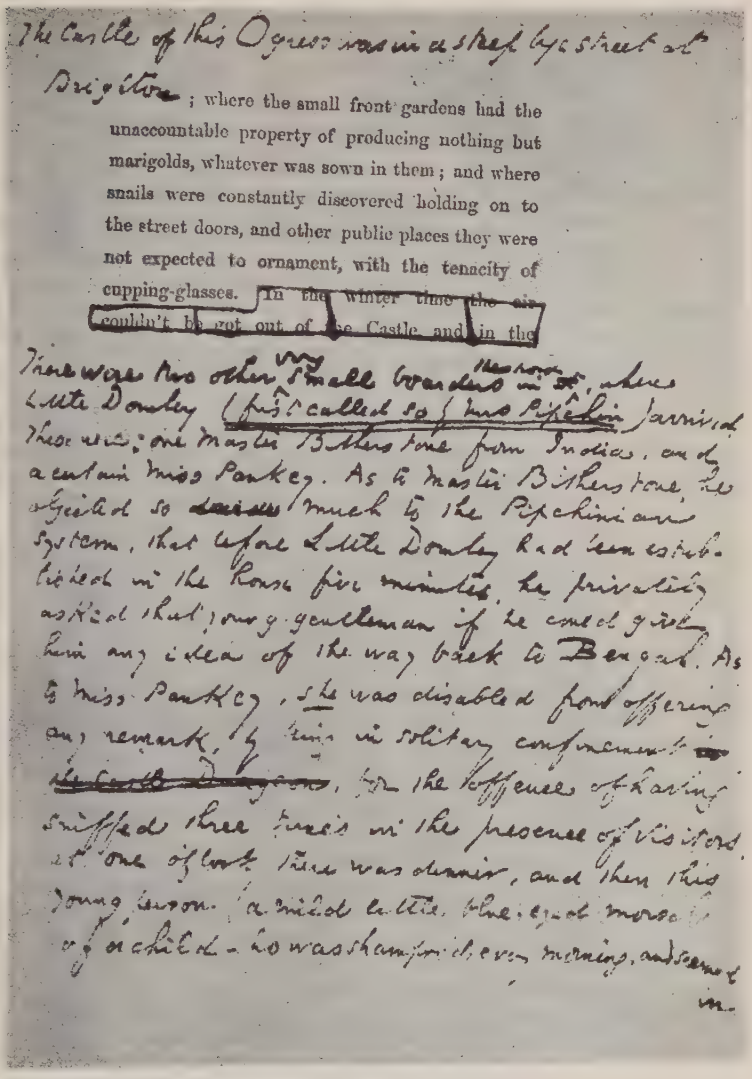
The End of the Reading

Conclusion of the special ending to the Reading of *Sikes and Nancy*

The Poor Traveller, Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, and *Mrs. Gamp* make up another half red morocco bound book; this was sold for $1400. Only *The Poor Traveller* appears to be "Dickens's own copy," as the displayed heading to item 571 in the catalogue reads: "Dickens's own Reading copy of the privately printed reading edition of 'The Poor Traveller,' extensively revised in his hand."

The original Reading Copy of *Mrs. Gamp* was given by Dickens to Ticknor, of the publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields, Boston. This

firm printed it in 1868, and a copy in the Gad's Hill Library was sold in the Sale for £10. The three readings are bound together in one volume half red morocco to match the others. but this was done at a later date. This item in the catalogue is further described:


The Castle of this Ogress was in a street at Brighton; where the small front gardens had the unaccountable property of producing nothing but marigolds, whatever was sown in them; and where snails were constantly discovered holding on to the street doors, and other public places they were not expected to ornament, with the tenacity of cupping-glasses. In the winter time the air couldn't be got out of the Castle and in the

There were two other small boarding houses in the street, where Little Dombey (first called so by Mrs Pipchin) arrived. There were one Master Bitherstone from India, and a certain Miss Parkey. As to Master Bitherstone, he objected so much to the Pipchinian system, that before Little Dombey had been established in the House five minutes, he privately assisted that young gentleman if he could give him any idea of the way back to Bengal. As to Miss Parkey, she was disabled from offering any remark, by being in solitary confinement in the Coal Cellar, for the offence of having sniffed three times in the presence of visitors at one o'clock Tea was dinner, and then this young person, a mild little child, used to be regaled with a chop. She was shampooed every morning, and seemed in

A Page from the Reading of *The Story of Little Dombey*

"Many passages Dickens has painted out with red water colour, that the deletions might be more readily seen while he was at the lectern, and two leaves (pp. 89-92) have been removed entirely. Elsewhere he has pasted down excerpts from other editions, and added about a thousand additional words of manuscript, mostly on four pages inserted or pasted

over unsatisfactory passages, thus preserving a unique record of Dickens's own readings of these three pieces."

We think these remarks refer solely to *The Poor Traveller* for reasons mentioned above. However, we understand that this book, as well as several others of these Reading editions, are to be found in the Berg collection at the New York Public Library; a thorough examination of them would be interesting and decide this point.

Barbox Brothers, The Boy at Mugby, The Signalman. These three readings—the last one was never given—were in one half red morocco bound volume at the Gad's Hill sale when they were sold for twelve guineas. In 1938 they fetched $1600. The catalogue describes them as having many manuscript alterations, and marginal notes as in the other volumes.

The Bastille Prisoner was another proposed reading, specially printed and bound in the usual half red morocco, but never given in public, although from the many alterations in the text and the marginal notes concerning the manner of delivery, it is clear that Dickens had taken a deal of trouble in the preparation of the story to make it suitable for one of his Readings.

Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings was prepared and printed for a Reading, but never delivered. One copy was sold at Gad's Hill for 30s., and probably the same copy (it bears the Gad's Hill book-plate) was sold in New York, 1938, for $425. It does not contain any notes or alterations.

Dr. Marigold was sold at the 1870 sale for twelve guineas; we have no record of its present whereabouts; neither do we know what became of the Reading copy of the *Trial from Pickwick*, or of *Bob Sawyer's Party*, the two most popular readings, after the *Carol*.

It is a complete mystery why these valuable books did not go to Forster on Dickens's death, together with the manuscript and other property which now forms the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Writing to Charles Kent a little more than two months before his death, Dickens said, in reference to Kent's proposed record of the Readings that everything he could let him have in this connection would be placed at his disposal, including "the books from which I read." To this he added: "they are afterwards going into Forster's collection." Even his daughter and sister-in-law could not explain this. In printing this letter in "The Letters of Charles Dickens" (1880) they simply noted that the reading books "do not form part of the Forster Collection." Six of them were sold at the Gad's Hill sale in 1870; the others must have been given away or disposed of privately.

* * * * *

In 1858 were published in small octavo size, at one shilling each, uniform with the *Carol*, the *Chimes* and the *Cricket*, two little volumes in green paper covers. The first was *The Poor Traveller; Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn*, and *Mrs. Gamp*; the other, *The Story of Little Dombey*.

These were known as Reading Editions, and must not be confused with the books from which Dickens gave the Readings, referred to above. Indeed, these books, although containing the stories as abridged by Dickens, did not actually represent the stories as delivered by him at his Readings. "There are no printed abridgements of the *Carol*, *Dombey*, *etc.*, as I read them, or nearly as I read them," he wrote to F. D. Finlay in 1861." Nor is there any such abridgement in existence," he added, "save in my own copies." There was naturally a very big demand for these little shilling volumes. "Manchester became green with the little tracts, in every bookshop, outside every omnibus, and passing along every street. The sale of them, apart from us, must be very great," wrote Dickens on one occasion.

NOTES TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By T. W. HILL

PRELIMINARY

It is generally known that *David Copperfield* is very closely autobiographical in its general scheme. Colonel W. Laurence Gadd has suggested that the resemblance to Dickens's own life is so close that it may be safe to assume that David Copperfield was born on Dickens's own birthday, Friday, February 7th, 1812. Indeed the first two chapters of Forster's *Life* of the novelist, including the long autobiographical fragment, coincide, sometimes word for word, with parts of the novel. I have therefore felt some confidence in accepting Colonel Gadd's theory as it fits the chronology of the story almost to a nicety. Topographical notes are confined to places that have disappeared. For the purpose of the following notes the novel is considered as purely a work of fiction.

Chapter I

1. DAVID COPPERFIELD. The title of the book was not settled without a good deal of thought, and its evolution is traced by Forster. Briefly, the book was at first to be called "Mag's Diversions, being the personal history of Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger, of Blunderstone House"; then through sundry mutations Thomas became David, and Mag became Copperfield. "Disclosures," "Records," "Confessions," "Survey" were all considered, but finally cast aside, and we have the present title. Forster was the first to point out that David's initials were Dickens's own reversed.

2. BORN ON A FRIDAY . . . DESTINED TO BE UNLUCKY . . . PRIVILEGED TO SEE GHOSTS. Folk-lore says that "Friday's child is loving and giving," and there is certainly nothing in the story to suggest that David saw ghosts or was particularly unlucky.

3. BORN WITH A CAUL. The superstition that the possession of a caul is a charm against death by drowning dates from the very earliest times and is probably of nautical origin. Sailors are notorious for their indifference to the art of swimming. An advertisement in "The Times" of May 8th, 1848, offered for six guineas a caul "which was afloat with its late owner thirty years in all the perils of a seaman's life, and the owner died at last at the place of his birth."

4. MEANDERING. Wandering erratically, from the Latin form "Mæander" of the Greek name of a river in Phrygia remarkable for its circuitous course.

5. BLUNDERSTONE. Properly Blundeston, Suffolk, about five miles from Yarmouth. Dickens did not purposely alter the name; he wrote to M. de Cerjat on December 29th, 1849: "I went down to that part of the country on January 7th last year, when I was meditating the story, and chose Blunderstone for the sound of its name." He told Mrs. Watson in a letter dated August 27th, 1853: "I saw the name on a direction post between it and Yarmouth and took it . . . for the book."

6. HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES. This very old saying is used by Goldsmith in "The Vicar of Wakefield" in its correct form: "handsome is as handsome does."

7. BLESS THE BABY. It used to be quite common to see on a lady's dressing-table a pin-cushion geometrical in shape, made of satin stuffed very tightly with bran; the centre of the design often had words of greeting or good wishes or a motto done with the heads of pins thrust right home. A Household Guide of 1870 gives full and particular directions for making these cushions.

8. JEWELLERS' COTTON. Cotton wool.

Chapter II

1. HOUSE WITH THATCHED ROOF. Yard measures of silk wound round a pin or spindle were often accommodated in ornamental holders fashioned into all sorts of models, such as lighthouses, ships, cottages, etc.

2. WORK-BOX. The small portable work-boxes of the period often had views painted on the sliding lid. The modern elaborately fitted work-box came into fashion about the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

3. BROOKS OF SHEFFIELD. An interesting coincidence in connection

with this name is shewn by the fact that although Dickens evolved the name from his inner consciousness, it transpired after the publication of the book that there really was a Brookes of Sheffield, a firm of cutlery makers. This firm sent him a present of a case of cutlery, and in return Dickens presented them with a copy of the novel inscribed "To Brookes of Sheffield from Charles Dickens, May, 1851," with an accompanying letter in which he stated: "I had no idea that I was taking a liberty with any existing firm; and why I added 'Sheffield' to 'Brookes' of all towns in England I have no kind of knowledge . . . It came into my head as I wrote."

Chapter III

1. YARMOUTH BLOATER. A bloater is a herring that has been bloated, *i.e.* cured by placing it in dry salt, and then smoking it over a fire of oak chips. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play "First Principles" occurs this sentence: "I have more smoke in my mouth than would blote a hundred herrings." Thomas Blount (1618-1617), in his Glossographia, or Dictionary of Hard Words, defines bloated fish as "those which are half-dried." Yarmouth is the chief seat of the industry.

2. YON'S OUR HOUSE. There is no more indication than the words "high and dry on the ground" as to whether Peggotty's boat stood on its keel or was placed upside down, and the description of its interior offers no guidance. The former seems probable although Phiz in his illustrations shews the interior of a boat upside down; Dickens must have approved it; perhaps he thought it did not matter! Later in this chapter is further evidence for the boat being on its keel; David's apprehension in bed when the wind was high. "I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all; and that Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen." Even Mr. Peggotty would not be of much use in a boat floating upside down.

3. COMMON COLOURED PICTURES. This is a capital description of the cheap German coloured lithographs that at one time were popular in poorer homes. The subjects were mostly scriptural. Only so lately as 1939 the writer saw in Devonshire a cottage parlour embellished by two pictures of the Prodigal Son in maple frames. When sharing the dinner of the swine he was clothed in a long blue robe and held a red staff, but on his Return his robe was pink while his face was deathly white, his robe was a nauseatingly bright green, and his father wore a long white beard and a purple robe.

4. SARAH JANE LUGGER. The real wooden stern was probably a piece of wood from the wreck of the Sarah Jane. Such memorials of lost ships may still be occasionally seen in marine-store dealers' at seaports. They represent the sentimental remembrance of a favourite vessel and were made by sailors in their "watch below."

5. OBLEEGED. The French pronunciation of this word imported into the language in the eighteenth century persisted for many years. Pope has the couplet:

> "By flatterers besieg'd
> And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd."

S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834), in his "Table Talk," tells the story of John Kemble correcting the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) for adhering to the earlier pronunciation: "It will become your royal mouth better to say oblige."

6. MRS. PEGGOTTY. A realistic touch. As David did not know the identity of the lady in the white apron he naturally jumped to the conclusion that she was Mr. Peggotty's wife. He afterwards discovered that her name was Mrs. Gummidge.

7. ALL FOURS. A once popular card game for two or four players. The well known terms, High, Low, Jack, Game, are derived from the method of scoring.

8. MRS. GUMMIDGE. As evidence of the popularity of Dickens's work among his friends it may be noted that about a month after the appearance of the first number of the novel, Carlyle, in reply to a conventional enquiry after his health, made the laughing rejoinder that he was, in the language of Mr. Peggotty's housekeeper, a lone lorn creetur and everything went contrairy with him.

9. CORMED. One of the Yarmouth dialect words that Dickens assimilated, and used with such effect to give reality to the speech of Mr. Peggotty and

Mrs. Gummidge. Here are some others found scattered, nearly in this order, through the book: mavish (song-thrush), mawther (old lady), Bloonderstone (note the prolonged vowel), bor' (friend), dodman (snail), directly minute (immediately), parsties (pasties), yourn (yours—the added n instead of s is imitative of mine, thine, etc.), mort (a great deal), beein (abiding place), fare to feel (do), snew (snowed), arrize (come to a conclusion), fleet water (spring tide), asunders (apart), furdest (furthest), bahds neezing (birds nesting), clicketten (chattering), bide heer (stay here), wimicking (whimpering), fisherate (officiate), nowt (nought), thowt (thought), sowt (sought), pervising (providing), inquiration (inquiry).

10. DRAFTSMAN. Correctly a draughtsman, a man skilled in drawing. The form draftsman is used for those who draw up legal documents or Acts of Parliament, and Dickens had been in a lawyer's office.

11. COLOSSEUM. This must refer to the Colosseum (usually spelt Coliseum) at Rome and not the Colosseum in Regent's Park built by Decimus Burton in 1824. Small models of each of these buildings were not uncommon on mantel-pieces and could be procured at the Bazaars.

12. DUTCH CLOCK. These were introduced in the middle of the seventeenth century. They were made of wood, only the actual wheels being of brass. They were made in the Black Forest in Germany (Dutch is a corruption of Deutsch, German) and being very cheap were common in lower class households and kitchens.

13. INTO THE HOUSE. That is into the Union Workhouse, always dreaded by the self-respecting poor.

14. GIVEN HER A TURN. A very old way of saying that a surprise or shock had upset the equilibrium of the internal organs. It dates back to the time when the heart, the brain, the "pit of the stomach," and other organs were endowed with special psychological and emotional attributes.

15. CONTROUL. An obsolete spelling of control. Boswell always uses this form.

CHAPTER IV

1. I OUGHT TO IT. This is an old-fashioned and dialectical way of using "ought." It means, of course, "I ought to know it." The usage is provincial, local and idiomatic.

2. SERVANTS. The plural may be a reflection on the great importance given to the Copperfield household by the marriage with the Murdstones. In Chapter VIII Mr. Murdstone tells David that he is not to associate with servants. But there is no evidence that there is any domestic help other than Peggotty who is described in Chapter I by Miss Trotwood as "your servant-girl." Certainly Mrs. Copperfield with an annuity of £105 a year could not keep more than one servant.

3. RODERICK RANDOM, "Peregrine Pickle" and "Humphrey Clinker" are all by Tobias Smollett (1721-1777), "Tom Jones" by Henry Fielding (1707-1754), "The Vicar of Wakefield" by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), "Don Quixote" by Cervantes (1547-1616), "Gil Blas" by A. R. Lesage (1668-1747), and "Robinson Crusoe" by Daniel Defoe (1660-1731).

4. TOM PIPES is a character in "Peregrine Pickle," and so is Commodore Trunnion; Hugh Strap is to be found in "Roderick Random."

CHAPTER VI

1. PHOSPHORUS BOX. With a splinter of wood, the phosphorus box was forerunner of the lucifer match of 1827 in which the phosphorus was attached to the end of the stick.

CHAPTER VII

1. DON'T. For does not. Dickens constantly uses this Cockney dialect form throughout his writings. Goldsmith, Thackeray and Sheridan also considered it correct.

2. I'LL POUND IT. An absolete slang term for wager. (cf. I'll bet a pound.)

CHAPTER VIII

1. DOLPHIN. On hotel door. Hotels and inns often gave names instead of numbers to the various rooms.

2. RULE, BRITANNIA. Words by James Thomson (1700-1748). Music by Dr. Arne (1740).

3. AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY. The words of the song with this title are given in full by J. W. T. Ley in *The Dickensian*, 1931, page 211. Author unknown; music adapted from Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte." The first verse runs:

"Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly,
But merrily let us sing
Fal la!"

4. THREADING MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEEDLE. A term in round games or dances for passing partners with a right and left motion in what is called modern times a "chain."

Chapter IX

1. FARMER (NIGHT COACH). All main road coaches had names. The night coach to Yarmouth left London about 4 o'clock, reaching its destination about nine the next morning (see Chapter V).

Chapter X

1. YOUNG ROESHUS. That is, young prodigy. Quintus Roscius Gallus was the great Roman comic actor who enjoyed the friendship of Cicero. He died 62 B.C. His fame became classic and great actors like Burbage, Garrick and Betty were dubbed Roscius. Betty was the Young Roscius from his precocious talent at the age of eleven.

2. FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. The correct title of the book popularly so-called is "History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church." First written, on the Continent, in Latin in 1554, the English edition appeared in 1563. Convocation ordered that a copy should be placed in the hall of every episcopal palace. In addition to the text being a noble monument of English, the numerous editions were embellished by woodcut illustrations of the most terrifying description which greatly enhanced the attraction of the work. The author was John Foxe (1516-1587), Prebendary in Salisbury Cathedral.

3. GUNPOWDER PLOT. For participation in which Guy Fawkes was hanged in 1606.

4. SPIRE POINTS UPWARD. Blundeston church has a round tower, not a spire.

Chaptre XI

1. MURDSTONE AND GRINBY. [Note Dickens's genius for inventing appropriate names.] The wine store of this firm is known to be based on Warren's Blacking Warehouse at Hungerford Stairs (now Charing Cross); the labours of the little Dickens and those of little David were similar—wrapping and labelling bottles. The author has so blended his own experiences with the fictional adventures of David that, although young Copperfield had only half an hour for tea he is said to have wandered as far as Covent Garden Market to look at the pineapples; and in his dinner-hour he went for pudding to a court by St. Martin's Church, to an *à la mode* beef shop near Drury Lane, and also to play in the Adelphi arches—all of them a considerable distance from his work at Blackfriars, although they are within easy reach of the Blacking Warehouse of Dickens's boyhood.

2. PAPER CAP. Mechanics and workpeople generally used to wear, during their working hours, caps made of folded paper, in shape something like a cook's cap.

3. EXPERIENTIA DOES IT. That is, *experientia docet* (experience teaches), an old schoolboy joke, like *hic jacet* (here *lies*) and *tu docet* (thou tea-chest).

4. STRANGE PUBLIC HOUSE. The actual incident of the glass of "genuine Stunning Ale with a good head to it" took place at the public house at the corner of Cannon Row, Westminster (see Forster); in *David Copperfield* the situation of the fictional public house is intentionally not mentioned.

5. JACK'S DELIGHT IS HIS LOVELY NAN. The last two lines of verse 1 of Lovely Nan (words and music by Charles Dibdin) read:

"But oh much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan."

6. KING'S BENCH PRISON. In Borough High Street, near the Marshalsea and St. George's Church. The first building, dating from the reign of King Richard II, was burnt down by the Gordon rioters in 1780, was quickly rebuilt and, as its name implies was used as a place of confinement for those who were committed at the Court of King's Bench, which included those imprisoned for debt. This penalty was abolished about 1861. The prison after being unoccupied for a short period, became a military prison; it, was finally pulled down in 1880. Here is another instance of the blending of Dickens's personal experiences with David's adventures, as mentioned in note 1 above. Dickens's own father was committed to the Marshalsea, but the memories of that period were so bitter that when he had Mr. Micawber arrested he sent him, not to the Marshalsea (a portion of which still exists as a commercial house), but to the King's Bench close by. In his earliest complete work, *The Pickwick Papers*, he sent Mr. Pickwick (who had refused to pay the damages awarded to Mrs. Bardell) to the Fleet Prison, which was a long way from the Borough, and it was not till 1857 that Dickens could persuade himself to allow Mr. Dorrit to be a "collegian" in the prison with which his father had been associated.

7. TWENTY POUNDS INCOME. Mr. Micawber thought so highly of this excellent advice that he repeats it in the next chapter, but with a slight variation, the over-expenditure to ensure misery in the second instance being reduced from £20 1*s.* to £20 0*s.* 6*d.*

8. BAKEHOUSE. It used to be customary to send the family joint to be cooked at the bakers, whilst the vegetables were preparing at home. The baker was always very busy—with other people's dinners—on Sunday morning, when his ovens were not being used for his own business.

9. EGG-HOT. The same as egg-flip; see Chapter XII, note 1, below.

10. OLD LONDON BRIDGE . . . STONE RECESSES. These alcoves were placed along the parapet of the old bridge after the removal of the houses in 1756-62. When the bridge was demolished in 1831-32 after the opening of the new (present) bridge, some of the recesses were preserved and two are in Victoria Park while one is at Guy's Hospital.

11. CASINO. A card game for two or for four players.

12. INSOLVENT DEBTORS ACT. Imprisoned debtors might, under this Act, apply for their discharge provided that they gave up all their property [this would not be difficult for Mr. Micawber] and stated all the debts and liabilities they had incurred. but they were still liable for their debts. Perhaps this accounts for some of the resilience of Mr. Micawber's temperament. (It is not recorded whether the revengeful bootmaker ever got his money.)

CHAPTER XII

1. FLIP. Warmed ale, flavoured with sugar, spice, beaten egg, and laced with spirit.

2. GEE UP DOBBIN. Dobbin is the "pet" name given to a farm horse that does heavy work. The word is a variant of Rob (for Robert or Robin). The animal is usually very docile so the name has passed by association to a child's horse (the wooden variety). Gee is a form of "go" and the "up" implies urgency. Hence the children's chorus, "Gee up, Dobbin, etc."

3. TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL. This unfinished quotation is Hamlet's reflection upon his father:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all;
> I shall not look upon his like again."
>
> Act I, Scene 2.

4. SATURDAY NIGHT. This is a reminder that Saturday half-holidays were unknown till 1825. Everyone worked six full days and factory hands worked 72 hours each week. [It must be borne in mind that in olden times there were many holidays on Saints' Days—hence the term holy-day.] Even after the 1825 Act it was many years before the weekly half-holiday became general among all classes, and gradually, as manners and customs have changed, it has become not unusual for some professions not to work at all on Saturdays. Lubbock's Bank Holiday Act of 1871 and the Early Closing Acts of 1893, 1904 and 1912 have also increased the number of hours of leisure.

5.—OBELISK. This was a memorial to Lord Mayor Brass Crosby, erected in 1771 in St. George's Fields where St. George's Circus now is. The obelisk was removed in 1907 to Kennington Park, formerly the grounds of Bethlehem

Hospital (of which Brass Crosby was President) known as Bethlem or Bedlam. A clock-tower was subsequently placed in St. George's Circus, but this was demolished in 1940.

6. TAKING LITTLE MORE OUT OF THE WORLD. An adaptation of the sentence in the Order for the Burial of the Dead: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Tim., vi, 7).

CHAPTER XIII

1. KENT ROAD . . . FOOLISH IMAGE. This is the New Kent Road, at that time only newly formed; the terrace is the County Terrace with a garden in front of it. The foolish image disappeared some years ago. The Dickens Fellowship, in 1932, presented a new "foolish image" when the garden was re-named David Copperfield's Garden. See *Dickensian*, 1932, p. 172.

2. PIPE ON ITS HEAD. This would be a long (churchwarden) pipe; known also as a "yard of clay."

3. HARD DAY'S WORK. See above (Chapter XII, note 5).

4. DEATH OF NELSON. Song, words by S. J. Arnold, music by John Braham (1811).

5. WHAT LAY? PRIG? Thieves' slang. A lay is a job or a project, and a prig is a thief.

6. FLY-DRIVERS. Fly was the name given to a four-wheeled hackney carriage drawn by a single horse, presumably because its speed, when first introduced, was, comparatively speaking, considerable. Flies continued in use till quite recent times in provincial towns and at seaside resorts, usually at the railway station. They may still, very occasionally, be hired, with apparently the same horses and drivers.

7. GENERAL SHOP. Still current to describe a shop that does not confine its wares to one class of goods.

8. ROUND GREEN SCREEN OR FAN. Circular screens of pleated silk which folded round the centre when not in use and could then be inserted in the tube of the stand or handle.

9. TOLLMAN'S APRON. That is, equipped with a front pocket to accommodate small change.

10. UP THE STAIRS. There was therefore a basement, as there is in the house at Broadstairs, which, it has been thought, Miss Trotwood's house resembled.

11. CAIN. Cain was a fratricide, so David must have been a dreadful sight in Mr. Dick's clothes to look like a potential murderer.

12. POKER HUSBANDS. Wife-beaters. Surely Betsey's prejudice against Peggotty's name could no further go.

13. TINDER. Dried rotten wood, or rags, dipped in a preparation of sulphur. It was desirable to keep a small stock for use with the flint and steel to produce fire, before the introduction of matches.

CHAPTER XIV

1. LONG PEN. The pens of those days were nearly all quills, and some persons for ostentation had feathers on their quills twelve or fourteen inches long.

2. PHOEBUS. The sun or sun-god in Greek mythology: the pure and bright.

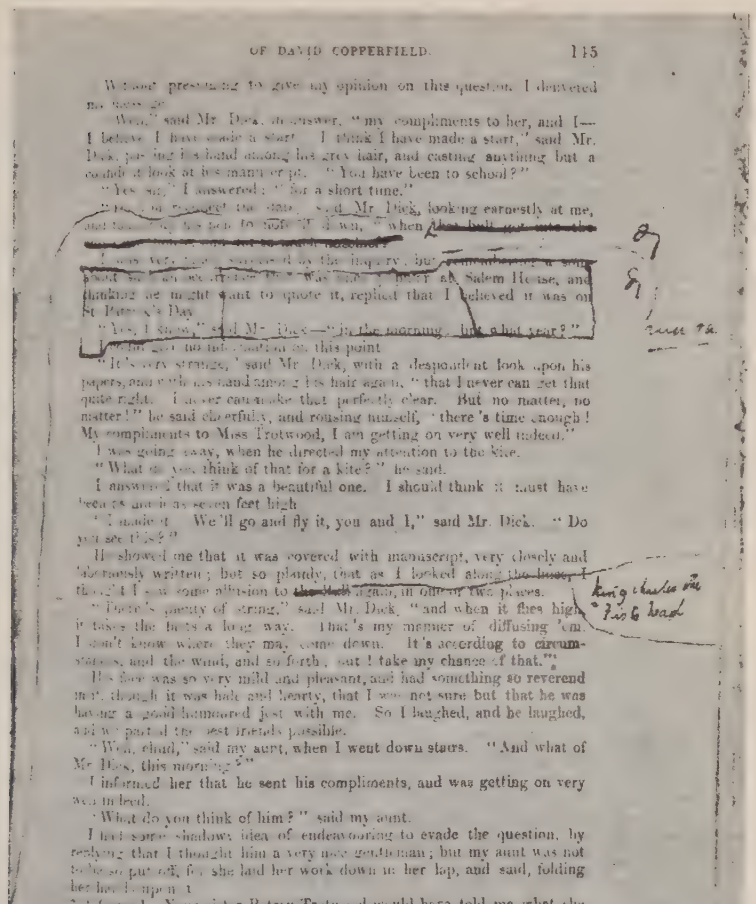
3. MAD AS BEDLAM. Bethlehem Hospital—see chapter XII, note 6.

4. KING CHARLES THE FIRST. During the writing of the number containing this chapter, Forster raised doubts about the propriety of Mr. Dick's delusion which was originally a bull in a china shop. Dickens wrote in reply: "Your suggestion is perfectly wise and sound. I have acted on it. I have also, instead of the bull and china shop delusion, given Dick the idea that when the head of King Charles the First was cut off some of the trouble was taken out of it, and put into his (Dick's)." A reproduction of the corrected proof-sheet is printed opposite.

5. FRANKLIN. Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790. The reference to Mr. Dick's kite flying recalls that Franklin in one of his researches proved that electricity and lightning are identical. In a thunderstorm he flew a kite with an iron key at the lower end of the string. While the kite-string was dry and non-conducting he got no result, but when the string got wet with the rain it became a conductor and Franklin got a nasty shock when his hand approached the key.

Chapter XV

1. MARKET DAY. Either Saturday or Wednesday at that period. It was not Saturday as David went to Dr. Strong's school the next day (Chapter XVI). It was therefore Wednesday.



OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. 115

Without pressuming to give my opinion on this question, I delivered my verdict.

"Well," said Mr. Dick, in answer, "my compliments to her, and I—I believe I have made a start." I think I have made a start," said Mr. Dick, passing his hand among his grey hair, and casting anything but a confident look at his manuscript. "You have been to school?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "for a short time."

"Do you remember the date?" said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and leaning his head to one side as he spoke. "when [illegible]

I was rather surprised by the inquiry, but remembering a saying I had often heard my aunt make use of, "Was it before the Battle of Waterloo?" I asked him, and thinking he might want to quote it, replied that I believed it was on St Peter's Day.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Dick—"in the morning, but what year?"

I could give no information on this point.

"It's very strange," said Mr. Dick, with a despondent look upon his papers, and a hand among his hair again, "that I never can get that quite right. I never can make that perfectly clear. But no matter, no matter!" he said cheerfully, and rousing himself, "there's time enough! My compliments to Miss Trotwood, I am getting on very well indeed."

I was going away, when he directed my attention to the kite.

"What do you think of that for a kite?" he said.

I answered that it was a beautiful one. I should think it must have been as much as seven feet high.

"I made it. We'll go and fly it, you and I," said Mr. Dick. "Do you see the [illegible]?"

He showed me that it was covered with manuscript, very closely and laboriously written; but so plainly, that as I looked along the lines I thought I [illegible] some allusion to the Battle again, in one or two places.

"There's plenty of string," said Mr. Dick, "and when it flies high it takes the lines a long way. That's my manner of diffusing 'em. I don't know where they may come down. It's according to circumstances, and the wind, and so forth. But I take my chance of that."

His face was so very mild and pleasant, and had something so reverend in it, though it was hale and hearty, that I was not sure but that he was having a good-humoured jest with me. So I laughed, and he laughed, and we parted the best friends possible.

"Well, child," said my aunt, when I went down stairs. "And what of Mr Dick, this morning?"

I informed her that he sent his compliments, and was getting on very well indeed.

"What do you think of him?" said my aunt.

I had some shadowy idea of endeavouring to evade the question, by replying that I thought him a very nice gentleman; but my aunt was not to be so put off, for she laid her work down in her lap, and said, folding her hands upon it

"Come! Your sister Betsey Trotwood would have told me what she thought of any one, directly. Be as like your sister as you can, and speak out!"

[illegible]

L

Chapter XVI

1. KNEE-SMALLS. Breeches ending just below the knee and fastened with a strap. Unbraced means, of course, that the strap had not been buckled.

2. SATAN FINDS. From Watts's "Divine Songs." The full verse reads:

"In work of labour or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

3. GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH. This ancient saw has been in use for thousands of years. It was used by St. Jerome (340-420), by Rabelais (1495-1553), and in its English form it appears in "Hudibras" by Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

4. TIDD'S PRACTICE. "Practice of the Court of King's Bench," by William Tidd (1760-1847). First published 1790-94, this book was almost the sole authority for common-law practice, and ran through eight editions, the last being issued in 1837. The Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1875, restricted the usefulness of Tidd's Practice and it has now been superseded, although still valuable as a work of reference. Tidd had among his legal pupils three who became Lord Chancellors (Lyndhurst, Cottenham and Campbell) and one Lord Chief Justice (Denman).

5. HINDOO BASKET. Made of fibres of bamboo or cane.

6. POST-CHAISE. A light four-wheeled carriage in shape something like a glorified bath-chair, accommodating two passengers and designed to be drawn by relays of horses, hired for each trip between stations (posts). Post is from Low Latin, signifying a place situation or site usually marked by an upright wooden stake (gate-post, etc.). [Post came to be associated with the carriage of letters after 1482 when the mounted letter-carriers, who had relays of horses from place to place, were known as Posts.]

7. MODERN SINDBAD. Sindbad the Sailor ("Arabian Nights") related his astonishing adventures to a poor discontented porter to shew him that wealth must be obtained by enterprise and personal exertion. Think of Mr. Jack Malden in this connection.

8. TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN. An old saying; used in "The Sweet-scented Miser," by W. Somerville (1677-1742):

"For the next inn he spurs amain,
In haste alights and skuds away,
But time and tide for no man stay."

CHAPTER XVII

1. HE WAS AN UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE. The relation of Mr. Dick's skill is no doubt a personal allusion to Dickens's own attainments in all kinds of indoor amusements and parlour magic. (See "My Father as I Recall Him," by Mamie Dickens.)

2. CRAMP-BONES. The patella of the sheep, so-called from its supposed efficacy in preserving the bearer from cramp. It will be remembered that Mrs. Gamp carried one (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).

3. WEEDS (WIDOW'S). An Anglo-Saxon word for a garment, now restricted to widow's mourning. It has no connection with weed, an unwanted plant, however draggled the weeds may look after a shower.

4. IT WAS MR. MICAWBER. Why did Mr. Micawber walk in unvited and unannounced? He did not know the Heeps and even when he intruded his greetings were direct to David, who had to introduce Micawber to his hosts.

"Browne has sketched an uncommonly characteristic and capital Mr. Micawber," wrote Dickens to Forster. It is worth noting that Micawber's face in the illustration to this chapter (his first appearance in a picture), bears a distinct resemblance to the face of John Dickens.

5. PLATO, THOU REASONEST WELL. This is a quotation from the tragedy "Cato," by Joseph Addison (1672-1719), Act V, scene 1.

6. GINGLING. For jingling; altered in later editions. Ben Jonson uses this spelling (now obsolete).

"They should be morris dancers by their
gingle, but they have no napkins"—
"Gypsies Metamorphosed."

7. GUIDE PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND. From "Essay on Man," by Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

"Thou art my guide, philosopher and friend."

8. AULD LANG SYNE. The last verse in full runs :

"And here's a hand my trusty frere*
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a richt guid williewaught†
For auld lang syne."

9. SICKLY MASK OF MIRTH. A free adaptation of Hamlet's remark :

"The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."
(Act III, Scene 1.)

CHAPTER XVIII

1. SPENCER. A short overall or jacket named after Earl Spencer (1758-1834) who brought it into fashion ; now nearly always knitted of wool and worn beneath the outer garment.

2. CHAUNT. An occasional spelling of chant ; now only used for the pipe (chaunter) of the bagpipes on which the melody is played while the drones give only one note.

3. IN THE STOCKS. The stocks was an apparatus in genteel ladies' schools for straightening the feet, used, like the equally extinct backboard and similar instruments of torture, to ensure an elegant deportment.

4. ARMED HEAD IN MACBETH. See Act IV, Scene 1. "Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises." It is traditionally Macbeth's own head severed from his body and covered with blood. It addresses Macbeth : "Macbeth, beware Macduff."

5. BETTER ANGEL. From Shakespeare's Sonnet No. CXLIV :

"The better angel is a man right fair."

6. BEAR'S GREASE. The fat of bears was at one time supposed to possess unique virtues as a pomade for the hair.

7. NEXT TIME BUT ONE. Fashions change. In the ballroom a century ago etiquette was strict and one of the rules ran : "Do not select the same partner frequently ; distribute your attentions as much as possible." Therefore every lady carried a dance-programme on which she allowed the gentleman to book his dance by initialling one or two of the items. Miss Larkins is about thirty years of age, so, as David is only a youth, she is able without losing dignity to ask him if he dances. She then consults her programme, sees that the next dance is booked, and offers David the next but one.

CHAPTER XIX

1. PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH. A corruption of kiddle of fish. A kiddle is a trap used at a weir and encloses a mixed catch of good and bad fish—in other words a muddle.

2. CLOSE NEIGHBOURHOOD. (Charing Cross.) See Chapter XL, note 1.

3. BOX BY THE FIRE. The box was a sort of pew with a centre table and two benches, something like the arrangement of a dining-car on a railway train. Still to be seen in a few "coffee-shops" and eating-houses surviving from former times.

4. TOOK OUR CANDLES. It was customary to place the candlesticks on the hall table so that guests as well as members of the household could each take a candle on retiring for the night.

CHAPTER XX

1. DARK-BROWN FOG. The month being January, a fog is not surprising, although the present generation can have no conception of the choking, sulphurous, nearly black and seemingly solid fogs that occasionally enveloped London in former times, before measures were taken to mitigate the unpleasantness. Some of the improvement is due to enlightened views about dealing with coal and also the spread of the use of gas and electric light. These dark-brown fogs were peculiar to London owing perhaps to its geographical position. Mr. Guppy, in *Bleak House*, found the exact expression to describe them : "A London Particular."

2. SEE THE LIONS. An expression meaning seeing the sights. One of the chief attractions at the Tower of London was the menagerie ; this was removed to Regent's Park in 1834, but the expression remains.

* Companion or friend (French *frère*, brother).
† Copious draught of liquor.

3. PANORAMA. A whole and comprehensive view. The scenery is painted on a continuously unrolling canvas which, in moving, gives an illusion that the spectator is passing the various views consecutively. Lighting and sound effects "off" help the illusion. The cinema has superseded the panorama and it is now hardly ever mentioned, except when used in a figurative sense.

CHAPTER XXI

1. WARNING BELL. What we should nowadays call the dressing bell.
2. CONVENTIONAL CHERUBIM. Cherubim (the word is plural) are generally represented in art as children's heads without bodies, with short wings springing from the neck, as in Reynold's well-known picture, very popular at that time and doubtless familiar to Dickens.
3. SEA PORKYPINE. Although no doubt Mr. Peggotty intended to speak figuratively, he may have at some time seen a Porcupine Globefish (*Diodon hystrix*), a fearsome looking creature nearly two feet long, armed with sharp spines.
4. THE MURDER'S OUT. A well-known expression with the same meaning as "Let the cat out of the bag." It probably comes from the line by Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales":

> "Mordre wol out, that see we day by day."
> (Line 15058.)

5. WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW. The refrain of "Ye Mariners of England," by Thomas Campbell (1777-1844).

(To be continued)

ROCHESTER HERSELF AGAIN

GOOD news comes from the Dickens city. After three years' inactivity Rochester has resumed its regular monthly meetings. On February 20th there was a successful Reunion of the members, with ten minute papers on Landladies. At the March meeting an address will be given by the Dean, Bishop E. M. Blaikie, and in April there will be a triple bill by Messrs. Lewis Hanson, J. H. Bolton and Cobbett Barker. In May the Branch celebrates its fortieth birthday by a meeting in the Guildhall, and on Sunday, June 6th, there will be a special service in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral.

MR. GERALD WADE GIVES *THE CAROL* ONCE AGAIN

FOUR years ago Mr. Wade gave his final recital of the *Carol* to the Winnipeg Branch. He had done it so often that he decided he would not give it again except to outside organisations. But this Christmas he succumbed to the appeal of the committee that, in view of existing conditions, he should once again present the immortal story to the branch. It was a great success. The large hall was packed, and a very substantial sum was collected for the Overseas Relief Fund.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

MRS. MABEL EVANS, of the Manchester Branch, on her election to the Bench, and to the County Council.

LIEUTENANT PETER GERALD DICKENS, R.N., aged 25, great grandson of the novelist, on being awarded the D.S.C. for services in attacking enemy shipping off the French coast. He earned the M.B.E. in June last.

MR. GREGG M. SINCLAIR, President of the Hawaii Branch, on his appointment as President of the University of Hawaii.

REFLECTIONS ON WAISTCOATS

By FRANK FOSTER

AMONG the unaccountable high-lights of the Victorian times I rank the fascination of waistcoats. Dickens himself wore waistcoats that could be called loud only by an understatement of fact. They were simply uproarious.

When he paid his first visit to America he astonished his hosts with the varied gay assortment of his waistcoats. On arrival at Boston he was reported as wearing a " red figured vest, somewhat of the flash order," and a lady present at the Boston Ball remarks that " in 1842 a black satin waistcoat was almost the national costume for gentlemen, in America, so that Mr. Dickens's vivid tints were very conspicuous."

It appears he wore two different waistcoats in Boston, both of velvet, one a vivid green and the other a brilliant crimson.

At the reception at St. Louis, a reporter described him as wearing " a satin vest with very gay and variegated colours."

We recall also that for the Thompson-Weller wedding in 1845 he wrote specially to Macready asking for the loan of the " remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances," which the famous actor had worn in " Money."

Of course our genial author was not particularly singular in this matter. It was the fashion. Benjamin Disraeli wore similar waistcoats. So did Bulwer Lytton and Count D'Orsay. All men of fashion did. Only Dickens wore them, if I may use the expression, more violently than anyone else. He couldn't do anything moderately. In fact, he followed the advice of his own Captain Swosser in *Bleak House*, who used to say: " When you make your pitch hot make it boiling hot, and when you swab the decks swab them as if Davy Jones himself was after you." Dickens appears to have been under the urge of that representative of the honourable and ancient Welsh family all his life.

The genesis of the waistcoat, however, appears to be " wropt in mistery." There is not even one reference to the garment in Shakespeare. Possibly it is derived from the tabard of the herald, which is a sleeveless coat bearing the arms of the house represented. If this be so it might be reasonably argued that the respect felt in the middle ages for heraldry (lost when the tabard disappeared) was transferred to its somewhat ignoble offspring the waistcoat. Indeed, so dominant does this singular vestment appear to have been that, as readers of *Oliver Twist* may remember, one character figures as " the gentleman in the white waistcoat " only. It does not seem necessary for him to have a name at all. And when at the end of the book Bumble announces to Oliver that the person referred to had " gone to Heaven in an oak coffin with plated handles," one feels that he means the white waistcoat had gone and the gentleman had merely happened to be inside it at the time.

When poor little David Copperfield started to walk from London and seek his aunt without any money for the journey, he saw at once that he would have to sell some of his clothes. But sooner than expose himself without any protection for the classical garment of the Victorians he wisely decided to sell that. By buttoning his coat tightly up to the throat he concealed the fact that he had no waistcoat. Mr. Dolloby holds it up to the light and inquires: " What do you call a price now for this little weskit ? " and ultimately pays ninepence.

This incident may have had its effect on David in later years, because when he was courting Dora he tells us how he bought " four sumptuous waistcoats "—not for himself, but for Dora ! " *I* had no pride in them," he adds.

Oliver Twist, when confronted by a tyrannical magistrate, is too much overawed to answer his savage questions. There is no further description of him than that he was bluff in his demeanour and wore a striped waistcoat. Sam Weller, of course, wore the regulation striped waistcoat of the serving man, and we are told that it was pink.

Marzials, in his Life of Dickens, indulges in the reflection: "We of these degenerate days shall never see again that antique magnificence in coloured, velvet waistcoats." It seems that most of them were actually figured. When John Chivery sallied forth, bent on engaging the affections of Amy Dorrit, he wore a silken waistcoat bedecked with golden sprigs. The actual colour of the garment, however, is not mentioned. Jack Hopkins's waistcoat, in *Pickwick*, was of black velvet emblazoned with "thunder and lightning buttons." Kit Nubbles wore a yellow waistcoat on first going to the house of Mr. Garland; yellow must have been not uncommon, for one recalls Mr. Mantalini's retort to his wife during breakfast. She tells him it is easy enough to talk (he has been explaining a flirtation of the previous evening). He retorts, but his answer is so fraught with philosophical meaning of his own especial type that I must give it in his own words: "Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg, for the yolk runs down the waistcoat and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit." He does not refer to any other discoloration that the yolk may cause elsewhere; only to the waistcoat.

No one who has ever read it can forget the memorable scene when Dick Swiveller wakes from his attack of fever and determines to dress and go at once to Mr. Garland. But the Marchioness suddenly reveals that he has no clothes. She has had to sell them to provide him with medicines. Utterly taken aback he will not give up hope at once. "I suppose there is nothing left: not so much as a waistcoat even." Like a true Victorian his solicitude turns to that one essential article of attire. And, on learning that it has gone with the rest he takes refuge in a grim jocularity and reflects that it would be awkward in case of fire. Even an umbrella would be something.

This strange—to us uncanny—regard for the waistcoat above all other articles of dress seems to have permeated all classes of society. When Mr. Toots points out Mr. Dombey to the Game Chicken as the father of his lady-love, that redoubtable pugilist declares that, stiff as he is, he could be doubled up with one blow in the waistcoat. We are duly informed that it was a lilac waistcoat; conscientious accuracy on the point being evidently a matter of honour. Yet when Rob the Grinder reflectively puts his thumb into his mouth he afterwards takes it out and dries it—on his waistcoat. Not his coat-sleeve, observe.

We have the story told by Sam Weller of the exceedingly stout gentleman who wore his watch in a fob-pocket so tight that no thief could pull it out until a small boy with a very large head butted him in the region of the waistcoat and "doubled him up," to quote the Game Chicken.

Yet in spite of such instances as I have been able to pass in review, and many more for which I have neither time nor space, the Victorian philosophy of the waistcoat remains in obscurity. Something may be gathered in a reverse view when dealing with a psychological problem and there is at least one curious instance in the present inquiry.

When Sam Weller accepts an invitation to a "swarry" given by the select footmen of Bath he finds himself in resplendent company. There is a gentleman in green-foil smalls (whatever that may be), a man in light blue with leaden buttons, another in orange plush, one in purple cloth with a great extent of stocking, and the chairman is presented as being attired in a bright crimson coat and breeches and a cocked hat; but, deeply significant, not a word concerning their waistcoats. It

cannot be an oversight. Dickens is thoroughly Victorian in his interest in this article of attire. Can it be that, hating sham and intolerance as he does, he considered this assembly of preposterous snobs as unworthy of notice in the matter of waistcoats ? The question is all the more salient in that one individual, wearing an embroidered waistcoat, suddenly comes forward and expresses his opinion. The said garment is of such generous proportions as to keep one-half of his legs warm. But (and this is significant), he is not of the élite. He prefaces his remarks with the apology that he has the " misforchune to be a coachman." That is, not a footman ; not one of the grotesque flunkey class, but a man. One, in other words, whose waistcoat is indicative of—something.

Even in the time of Dickens it might seem that no garment could be of such ample dimensions as to keep the wearer's legs warm. Yet the man who had the " misforchune " was unconsciously continuing an historic custom. The waistcoat originally did actually reach nearly to one's knees. It was first heard of about the year 1660. It had its origin in France and was brought over, among other less desirable importations (generally feminine) by Charles II. A sleeved article, and so worn until the early 1800's, when the sleeves disappeared and the waistcoat became shorter. We feel indebted to the man of misfortune for having preserved the fact of its remaining, in the attire of a coachman, of considerable length until the days of *Pickwick*.

That the long waistcoat had already among the classes in 1844 been relegated to antiquity is proved by Dickens's account of his " black and white or magpie waistcoat," worn at the soiree at the Mechanics Institute, Liverpool, in that year. It created what he called " a strong sensation," people asking, " What is it ? Is it a waistcoat ? No, it's a shirt ! "

Mr. Sampson Brass, as a sort of minor chorus to Dick Swiveller, is given to efforts of literary rhapsody. Though quite outdistanced by Dick he occasionally touches the hem of the Muse's garment. He remarks to Kit : " It isn't the waistcoat that I look at. It is the heart. The checks on the waistcoat are but the wires of the cage. But the heart is the bird." This, however, is perhaps his highest flight ; impelled, evidently by his subject, which is the subject of these reflections.

MR. SAM WELLER IN DIFFICULTIES

THERE are over one hundred Wellers in the London Telephone Directory (and two of them Samuel). There must be hundreds elsewhere, yet, nevertheless, one's attention is particularly attracted on seeing a note in the " Beds and Herts Telegram " (January 23rd) to the effect that owing to transport difficulties, Mr. Sam Weller was unable to give an address on Lenin at the Communist Party's meeting at Dunstable Town Hall.

LITTLE MISS MUFFIT

NEWSPAPERS make strange mistakes. Reporting a talk by Mr. Frank S. Johnson to a first-aid post, " The Richmond and Twickenham Times " says the speaker referred to " Dickens's best-known novels, *David Copperfield* and ' Little Miss Dorrit.' " The same paper reports Mr. Johnson as saying " Having a prodigious memory Dickens never invented characters, although sometimes he dovetailed two into one." What ever this may mean, we are sure Mr. Johnson never said it '

AUSTRALIAN BRANCHES IN WAR TIME

Although only one Australian branch has responded to our request for details of their activities during this strenuous period, we are pleased to learn unofficially that they all appear to be carrying on pretty much as we do at home. Sydney, owing to the black-out, have been holding their meetings in the afternoon, but they are thinking of returning to night meetings as they find the young members are not able to attend in the afternoon. Adelaide has had its full quota of meetings, at one of which " Dickens dames discussed domestic difficulties," at the Maypole Inn, when Mrs. Jarley, Mrs. Gummidge, Betsey Trotwood, Caddy Jellyby, and Mr. F's Aunt gave their personal experiences. The member of Melbourne committee in charge of publicity says he " felt compelled to write in response to your request for information," but added, " I do not intend to weary you with details," and accordingly enclosed the syllabuses for the past three years thereby showing the regularity and variety of their meetings. But we should not have been wearied by a more detailed account of the work of the branch, and if Mr. Breckx Daly will send this we will gladly print it. However, there is one point in his letter that must not be overlooked, their donation of nearly £22 to the Lord Mayor of London's " bombed victims " appeal.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY

In various parts of the country interest in the writings of Dickens is being stimulated by individual members, even though the activities of the branch in that district may have been severely curtailed. In Edinburgh, where the regular monthly meetings are suspended for the present, all the energies being directed to making comforts for the Forces, Mr. W. H. Ogston has been talking on Dickens to the Y.W.C.A. Club and to several similar associations, thus keeping alive the spirit of Dickens at a time when so many diversions tend to crowd old interests out.

The Preston branch is very much alive in this respect, and in addition to its own meetings, has been visiting many youth organisations in the district. The party usually consists of half a dozen members, and the audiences, young people aged 14 to 18 years, have been greatly entertained with a " mixed bag " consisting of a short outline life of Dickens, readings from *Oliver Twist* or *Pickwick*, a talk about films made from Dickens's books, exhibition of interesting pictures relating to the novelist, interspersed with games, and finishing up with Sir Roger de Coverley. Here is a grand opportunity to inculcate the love of Dickens's books in the young. As Mrs. Wood, the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the Preston Branch, writes, " Dickens can be put over in a lively bright fashion, and we can do a great work amongst these young people who, having left school, are at liberty to choose the books they wish to read."

We commend this to our members, and shall be glad to print brief accounts of any work done by others in this direction.

WHERE FOUND?

1. M.R.F.
2. Mounds.
3. The Screw.
4. Terewth.
5. Obelisk.
6. Doe and Roe.
7. Mr. Testator.
8. Winders.
9. Convinses.
10. Chink's Basin.
11. Peddle and Pool.
12. Flopping.
13. Lay Preventor.
14. Conversation Kenge.
15. Expiring Frog.
16. The Cherub.
17. Thirsty Woman of Tutbury.
18. P.J.T.
19. Opium.
20. Old 'Un.
21. Pruffle.
22. Clickett.
23. Dog's Nose.
24. East Wind.
25. Young Blight.
26. Lignum Vitæ.
27. Melchisedech.
28. Tiggin and Welp.
29. Don Bolaro.
30. Tilted Wagon.
31. Out with the Tide.
32. Charitable Grinders.
33. Poverty and Oysters.
34. Grand Junction Ebenezer.
35. More.
36. Dennit
37. Timpson.
38. Mercury.
39. Merrylegs.
40. The Albany.
41. Namlesston.
42. Magnanimous.
43. Passnidge.
44. Hon. Bob Stables.
45. E. W. B. Childers.
46. China Shepherdess.
47. Cock Lane Ghost.
48. Lone, lorn creetur.
49. American Knife Swallower.
50. Postscript in lieu of a Preface.

Answers will be printed in our next number.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ"

BY WALTER DEXTER

VII.

THE twelve final readings in London were undertaken by Dickens to recompense Chappell's for their loss on the tour in the spring of 1869, which had broken down at Preston owing to Dickens's failing health. They were given at the St. James's Hall at intervals during the first three months of 1870, and were as follows:

The Farewell Reading at St. James's Hall, March 15th, 1870

From "The Penny Illustrated Paper," 19th March, 1870

Date.			*Readings.*
	1870		
Tuesday	January	11	*Copperfield, Trial.*
Friday (Aftn.)	,,	14	*Carol.*
Tuesday	,,	18	*Marigold, Bob Sawyer.*
Friday (Aftn.)	,,	21	*Boots, Sikes and Nancy.*
Tuesday	,,	25	*Nickleby, Chops.*
Tuesday	February	1	*Boots, Sikes and Nancy, Gamp.*
Tuesday	,,	8	*Dombey, Bob Sawyer.*
Tuesday	,,	15	*Boots, Sikes and Nancy.*
Tuesday	,,	22	*Nickleby, Chops.*
Tuesday	March	1	*Copperfield, Trial.*
Tuesday	,,	8	*Boots, Sikes and Nancy, Bob Sawyer.*
Tuesday	,,	15	*Carol, Trial.*

The strain on his nervous system during the whole series was very severe. Dr. Frank Beard was constantly in attendance. Through the kindness of Count de Suzannet, who owns the original manuscript, I am here able to give in full the notes made by the doctor on the action of Dickens's pulse, before and after each of eleven of the twelve readings.

Tuesday January 11th. 1870.
Dickens, Chas. Pulse before reading David Copperfield and the Trial from Pickwick (normal)—72; immediately after reading—95. After 15 minutes rest—74.
Tuesday January 18th. 70.
Pulse before reading Dr. Marigold and Bob Sawyer's Party—82. After reading—99. 15 minutes rest—84.
Friday January 21. 70.
Pulse before reading Boots at the Holly Tree and Nancy's murder from Oliver Twist—90. After reading—112. 15 minutes after—100.
Tuesday January 25th. 1870.
Pulse not taken before reading Nicholas Nickleby and Chops. After reading—94. 15 minutes later—82.
Tuesday February 1st. 1870.
Pulse after 20 minutes rehearsal *before* reading Boots at the Holly Tree and the "murder" Nancy & Sikes—90. After the "murder" and before Gamp—108. After Gamp—108. 15 minutes after—80.
Tuesday February 8th. 1870.
Pulse before reading Dombey & Son—91. After—114. After reading Bob Sawyer—96. 15 minutes after—94.
Tuesday February 15th. 1870.
Pulse before reading Boots at the Holly Tree and Nancy and Sikes (murder)—90. After—124. After reading Gamp—118. 20 minutes after—98.
Tuesday February 22nd. 1870.
Pulse before reading Nicholas Nickleby—84. After—106. After reading Chops—112 and after 15 minutes—84.
Tuesday March 1st. 1870.
Pulse before reading David Copperfield—100. After—124. After Trial from Pickwick—124. 15 minutes after—88.
Tuesday March 8th. 1870.
Pulse before reading Boots at the Holly Tree—94. After reading—112. After reading Nancy and Sikes (the murder)—120. After reading Bob Sawyer's party—108. 15 minutes after—82.
Tuesday March 15th. 1870.
Pulse before reading Christmas Carol—108. After reading—110. After reading Trial from Pickwick—110. 15 minutes after—94. Twenty minutes after that—94.

Dolby tells us that Dickens "was astounded at the high state of his pulse after the reading of *Copperfield* on March 1st, and explained it by the emotion he felt in parting with the reading which he liked better than any of the others, and which had done so much to popularise the whole series."

There were 2034 people in the hall on the last night, the largest number possible, and the takings amounted to £422. The pulse did not run so high as might have been expected, when at the conclusion of the *Trial* he addressed a few well-chosen words to his beloved audience, concluding: "From these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell." In less than three months he died.

AUCKLAND BRANCH LOSES ITS FIRST PRESIDENT

The Auckland Branch has sustained a great loss by the sudden passing in August last of their first President, the Rev. A. B. Chappell, M.A. He was born at Southsea, within a stone's throw of Portsmouth, and came out to New Zealand with his parents in 1881. After long and useful service for the Wesleyan Church, he took up an appointment on the editorial staff of the "New Zealand Herald," from which he retired only last year. He was an enthusiastic student of New Zealand history, and was founder of the Auckland Historical Society. He was a true Dickensian in every sense of the word, and had the cause of the Auckland Branch very close to his heart at all times; he was no mere figurehead, and will be very much missed.

F.R.

A WORD FOR WACKFORD SQUEERS

By ANDREW PATERSON

MAY I be so bold as to put in a word for that much maligned and much execrated schoolmaster, Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall ? Of all the villains in Dickens, he is the one for whom the author refuses to concede one redeeming feature. Nay, more, not content with painting him in the blackest colours, he even extends his animosity to his wife and children, holding Mrs. Squeers up to our scorn as a sadistic vixen, the daughter as a vain, feather-headed minx, and Master Squeers as a contemptible little bully and cad. If we may judge by one or two oblique references while *Nicholas Nickleby* was being written, Dickens himself seems to have been appalled at the manner in which he had pilloried the Squeerses, and later, when he gave his celebrated readings, one authority tells us that " the scenes at Squeers's school provided the more mirthful portion of the programme ! " Ye gods, what a perverted sense of humour, to blacken the character of a man and his family and then try to laugh it off as " just my little joke, Ha, ha ! "

Poor Squeers, he never gets a chance ! When we first meet him, this is how he is introduced to us: " Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental, being of a greenish-grey, and in shape resembling the fanlight of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villainous."

In short, we are asked: Do you see that man ? Look out. He must be a villain. He's got only one eye ! But, sir, may I ask, when did it become a crime to have only one eye ? Why some of the greatest men who ever lived had only one eye. The great Lord Nelson, the darling of the British Navy, was a one-eyed man, and so was Theodore Roosevelt, one of the most popular Presidents the United States ever had. One trembles to think what might have happened had Dickens visited America in 1902 instead of 1842. Judging by his jeers at Squeers he would have treated the famous " Teddy " in such scornful terms in *American Notes* that the amity of the great English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic would have been imperilled for years to come.

And so starting with this unfortunate prejudice against the unhappy Squeers, our author, as has been pointed out, never gives him a chance. Everything he does is a fault, and we are given the impression that he is to blame for every mishap, the foul weather, the breakdown of the stage coach, and the misfortunes of the miserable passengers.

In due time Mr. Squeers and Nicholas and the little boys entrusted to their care arrived at Dotheboys Hall late at night, and at once the author, in introducing Mrs. Squeers, seizes the opportunity to hold her up to scorn as the personification of inhospitality. But, ladies and gentlemen, particularly the ladies, before you condemn Mrs. Squeers, may I ask what your reaction would be if your husband suddenly arrived home late at night, bringing with him a young man upon whom you had never clapt eyes before, and ordered you to provide him with bed and board ? If she failed to conceal a little annoyance can you blame her ?

Incidentally, I mentioned at the beginning of these notes that our author would not concede the unfortunate Squeers one redeeming feature. But at this point it seems to me he slips. For how does Mrs.

Squeers welcome home her lord and master? We are told that she greets him with the playful salutation, "How is my Squeery?" Now surely a man whose wife could thus address him could not have been the monster our author would have us believe him to be, nor could the lady have been as forbidding as she is depicted.

But to return to Wackford, no sooner is he back at Dotheboys Hall than he is held up to our execration as a barbarous exponent of corporal punishment. One is tempted to digress at this point into a discussion of this subject, but I refuse to do so, save to remark that in these days of increased juvenile delinquency I have heard schoolmasters say that much of this evil is due to the fact that we have taken the sting out of the good right arm of Wackford Squeers.

But was Mr. Squeers the barbarous exponent of corporal punishment he is described as being? Consulting contemporary records of the best schools of the day—fact not fiction—we are forced to conclude that compared with the more prominent schoolmasters of the early years of the nineteenth century, Mr. Squeers, far from being a fiend incarnate, was really a meek and mild gentleman, and Dotheboys Hall not such a bad place after all.

Take the evidence of William Ewart Gladstone, or rather of his biographer, John Morley. Mr. Gladstone, who was born in 1809, was sent to Eton, where, says Honest John, the headmaster "was the redoubtable Dr. Keate, with whom the appointed instrument of moral regeneration in the childish soul was the birch rod; who on heroic occasions was known to have flogged over eighty boys on a single summer day; and whose one mellow regret in the evening of his life was that he had not flogged far more!"

Eighty boys a day! That is to say, in a modern eight-hour day, he flogged ten boys an hour, then wished, like Alexander, he had more to conquer! Compared with the "redoubtable Keate," Wackford Squeers, as our American friends would say, was a piker.

I could quote further from Gladstone, showing that life at Eton in those days was a perpetual brawl. I could quote from Charles Lamb, telling of the conditions at the Bluecoat School, and I might refer the ladies to "Jane Eyre" to show that rancid stews formed the "popular" menu of girls' schools of a hundred years ago, and that those finishing schools had their own refined methods of "finishing" them that Squeers might well have envied. But I think I have said enough on this point.

However, it seems to me that at this stage an interesting psychological problem presents itself. Why is it that when we read about Gladstone at Eton, or Lamb at the Bluecoat School, or, say, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," their descriptions of school over of a hundred years ago simply provoke our smiles; on the other hand, when we read Dickens's descriptions of Dotheboys Hall they arouse our detestation and disgust? Does it not lie in the fact that Gladstone, Lamb, and the others were reviewing their own old school days through the mellowing atmosphere of the years. Dickens was describing scenes he had heard at second hand and imparts to us the horror that those tales had aroused in him.

Now, as we know, Dickens never had very much schooling. He never knew what it was to wear the old school tie. Had he gone to boarding school, like Gladstone, had he spent three or four years at Dotheboys Hall, what a different picture he would have given us. I can see him in his later years the life of the party at the annual reunion of the Old Boys of Dotheboys; how they would roar with laughter as he recalled how Graymarsh tried to get out of weeding the garden by pretending he didn't know how to spell "bottinney"; or how Mrs. Squeers took a fiendish delight in giving a whack on the head with her wooden spoon when any one of them tried to dodge his dose of brimstone and treacle.

And then, after his first American tour, how he would make the rafters ring when, after proposing the health of the "Good old Doctor," he led the old boys in the singing of a chorus he had composed for them after the style of the college yells he had heard in America:

> Dotheboys, Dotheboys ! Rah, rah, rah !
> Doc. Squeers, Doc. Squeers ! Zim, boom, bah !
> A cheer for Miss Squeers, and one for her Ma '
> Dotheboys, Dotheboys ! Rah, rah, rah !

Two thoughts more. First, before you condemn those old schoolmasters of over a hundred years ago, remember that they were the men who turned out the leaders of the nineteenth century, which, with with all its faults, must be considered one of the greatest in history. Secondly, isn't it significant that of all the characters in Dickens the only one to whose prototype a stained glass window was placed in his local parish church by his fellow parishioners as a tribute to his memory, was, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, Wackford Squeers !

MONTREAL BRANCH IN WAR TIME

THE highlight of the recent history of the Montreal Branch has, of course, been the celebration of the Centenary of the visit of Charles Dickens to the Canadian metropolis, which took place in May, 1842. Arrangements were naturally overshadowed by the war, and at one time it seemed as though the celebration would have to be called off. However, the feeling prevailed that the Centenary should not be allowed to pass unnoticed and that it should be honoured, even though on a smaller scale than originally planned, as its observance would give the Branch the opportunity to remind the public of the humanitarian and democratic ideals of Dickens. This decision, as readers of *The Dickensian* are aware, was duly carried out.

To-day the Montreal Branch continues to function on the lines of previous years, believing that the monthly lectures and musical and dramatic programmes it promotes provide an escape from war-time worry and opportunities of relaxation and enjoyment to the many members of the public to whom the more frivolous entertainments of the moment have no appeal. So far as special war work objectives are concerned, as all the members are more or less engaged in war-time philanthropic work, such as the Red Cross and Aids to Britain, the Executive recently decided to make no special appeal at the moment: also that the Branch should continue to support those charitable organisations it has assisted in the past, as these are finding it difficult in these days of curtailed incomes to make ends meet.

FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

Name the Christian names of these characters and the books in which they appear.

1. Mrs. Lammle.
2. Mrs. Sapsea.
3. Mr. Mantalini.
4. Mrs. Toots.
5. Mr. Nupkins.
6. Paragon.
7. Peecher.
8. Mrs. Peerybingle.
9. Mrs. Milvey.
10. Mr. Podsnap.
11. Mrs. Cheggs.
12. Mrs. Westlock.
13. Mr. Minns.
14. Mrs. Pocket.
15. Miss Riderhood.
16. Mrs. Trundle.
17. Mrs. Henry Walmers, Jr.
18. Mrs. Sanders.
19. Miss Magwitch.
20. Dr. Manette.
21. Miss Plummer.
22. Mr. Veneering.
23. Mrs. Veneering.
24. Mrs. Lirriper.
25. Mrs. Carstone.
26. Mr. Clennam, Sr.
27. Mr. Daisy.
28. Mr. Pross.
39. Radfoot.
20. Mrs. Raddle.
31. Miss Blimber.
32. Newcome.
33. Mrs. Wrayburn.
34. Major Jackman.
35. Dawes.
36. Mr. Bollin.
37. Endell.
38. Orlick.
39. Mrs. Henry Gowan.
40. Heyling.
41. Mrs. Turveydrop.
42. Howler.
43. Mrs. Gargery.
44. Mrs. Flintwinch.
45. Mrs. Feeder.
46. Mrs. Drummle.
47. Mme. Defarge.
48. Lady Dedlock.
49. Mr. Minns's cousin.
50. Boy at Mugby.

Answers will be printed in our next number.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ERRORS OF ILLUSTRATORS

In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Book III, Chapter 7, we are told that Miss Pross "lighted the lamp"; a little later Doctor Manette "took the lamp in his hand," and later still he "stood with the lamp in his hand" when "four rough men in red caps . . . entered the room." In Phiz's illustration, "The Knock at the Door," the Doctor clearly holds a candle and there are only three rough men, and not four. Are such discrepancies between text and illustration common?

CYRIL C. C. KENBICK (Oxford).

[Such errors are not common, as Dickens kept in close touch with his illustrators; but there are notable exceptions, *e.g.* the hook on Cuttle's wrong arm, and Leech's incorrect illustration of the Elopement for The Battle of Life, to which we referred on p. 12 of the 1938 volume.—EDITOR.]

DICKENSIANA

"A 1942 Pickwick Christmas." "Yorkshire Post," 24th December.
"A Spirit Christmas Carol." "Psychic News," 26th December.
"Scrooge Comes Back," by Allan M. Laing. "Liverpool Echo," 22nd December.
"Memories of Cloisterham," by A. C. Holliday. "Rochester Journal," 23rd December.
"Dickens and Christmas," by Ariel. "Huddersfield Examiner," 24th December.
"Dickens and the Drama," by Wilson M'Laren. "Scotsman Weekly," 26th December.
"One Londoner Speaks Out." "The Statist," 23rd December.
"Why Decry Dickens," by Candidas. "Daily Sketch," 1st January.
"Dickens in America." "Times Literary Supplement," 9th January.
"Subtle Influence of Talk," by C. J. Woollen. "Weekly Review," 28th January.

DICKENS AT CHRISTMAS 1942

DURING Christmas-time many addresses on Dickens were given at Rotary Clubs: at Gloucester by Mr. Kendall Pearson, late Hon. Secretary of the Branch there; at Southampton, by Mr. F. W. Cook, of the Southampton Branch; at Hanley and Stoke-on-Trent, by the Rev. George Parkington; at Newark by Mr. J. H. Woodall; a recital of the *Carol* at the Mirfield Rotary Club was given by Mr. E. French and at the Castlegate (Nottingham) Congregational Church. Trumpington Women's Institute held a Dickens Evening, and at the Meevy and Sheepstone (Devon) Women's Institute there was a Dickens Talk by three ladies. A Dickens Sale helped the restoration fund of the Clapham Parish Church. For the fortieth year in succession the Master of York Minster Song School recited the *Carol* to his boys. A Dickens recital by Mr. George Adams was given at the Portsmouth Brotherhood, and at the Bayshall Adult School Mr. A. G. Dye, of the Cheltenham Branch, lectured on Dickens and Christmas. Dramatic representations of the *Carol* included Ursula Bloom's new adaptation presented by the Regency Players at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, and a production by the Nottingham Repertory Company. The *Carol* was also performed by the scholars of Melverley School, Wimborne; by the Downham Girls' School; the Women's Institute at Caterham; evacuated children at Exmouth; the Village Players at Fryston, Castleford. The Woburn Dramatic Society gave a performance of five episodes from *David Copperfield* at the Town Hall on December 28th.

A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

Introductory

WE begin below a guide to the collection of First Editions of Dickens. There has never been, in our opinion, a suitable one on this important subject. Eckel's book is now over thirty years old; as the first attempt in this direction, it received great commendation, but it was badly arranged, far from correct, often misleading, and when a second edition was published some years later, the old errors were left uncorrected and new ones perpetrated.

A case in point is in relation to *Dombey and Son* with which we deal below. Referring to the Illustrated Title Page, Eckel says "it has the picture of Captain Cuttle in which the artist placed the famous hook on the left instead of the right arm; it is signed Phiz."

Now these two "points" are common to all editions of *Dombey and Son* that have been issued with the original illustrations. As Eckel mentions these facts without any explanation, some booksellers are led to believe these are points by which a genuine first edition can be recognised, and catalogue their offers as "First issue with Captain Cuttle's hook on left arm," etc., to the enhancement of the price.

This is quite different from the spelling "Veller" and the reversed "£" on the illustrated title pages of *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* which are the signs of a first issue, having been corrected in later printings. It is only confusing to introduce any such extraneous notes in a guide to First Editions.

Eckel also says that the covers should be dated 1848, and makes the same error in dealing with the wrappers of some of the other works. The fact is that only few of the novels bore the date of the year on the wrappers. It is to be feared that Eckel did not examine many first editions in their original parts, and that he was misled by the facsimiles printed by Matz in the National Edition, where for purposes of information the year of issue was added. Eckel also refers to the errata leaf as containing eight lines, whereas in the first printing it was of two lines only. He is also silent on the fact that *Dombey and Son* was issued by the publishers in two different kinds of leather binding in addition to cloth.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF *DOMBEY AND SON*

Written. Begun at Lausanne, June 28th, 1846, and continued at Paris, London, Brighton and Broadstairs. Ended at Brighton, March, 1848.

Manuscript and corrected proofs in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Illustrations. Forty, by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). Thirty-seven original drawings are in the library of Mr. W. M. Elkins, Philadelphia.

Dedicated to the Marchioness of Normanby. Inscribed presentation copy dated September 6th, 1848, in the library of Mr. Elkins, as above.

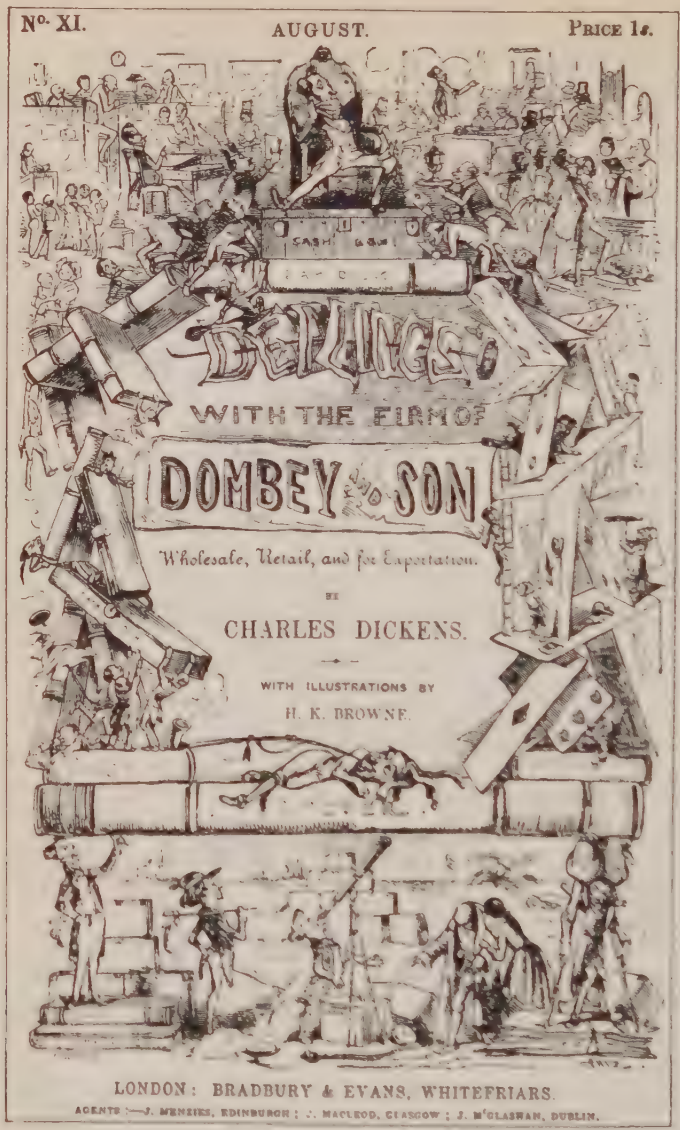
Published by Bradbury & Evans in monthly numbers from October 1st, 1846, to April 1st, 1848, price one shilling (for facsimile of cover design see page 100), and in one volume, April, 1848 (for facsimile title pages see page 101).

New Prefaces in the Cheap Edition (3*s.* 6*d.*) dated April, 1858. Manuscript of this is in the Dickens House Library. Slightly altered preface in the Charles Dickens Edition, 1867.

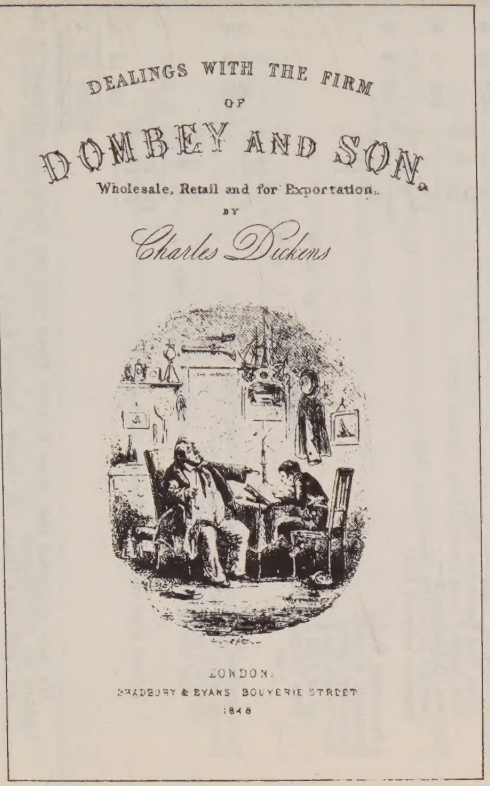
Reading Edition. "The Story of Little Dombey," in green paper wrapper, 16 mo., 1858, price one shilling.

The original publication in 19 numbers, with green wrappers and advertisements, as issued, is rather scarce and consequently expensive to purchase; but the numbers bound up by the publishers in Cloth and Half Morocco (marbled edges), Full Morocco (gilt edges), at 21*s.*, 24*s.* 6*d.* and 26*s.* 6*d.* respectively, are less expensive. Copies bound by other bookbinders for the purchasers are often offered for sale at fairly low prices. Buyers should take care that the copies offered agree with the collation given on page 101.

The other editions mentioned above are worth collecting on account of their new prefaces and other interest.



The above is a reproduction of the cover of each of the nineteen monthly numbers published between October, 1846, and April, 1848. Each part bears the number in Roman numerals and the month, but no year. No. 19 (marked XIX and XX) was a double one, price two shillings. Each number contained 32 pages and two illustrations on plate paper by Phiz; also advertisement pages which varied from time to time. The price of each was one shilling; the last number was a double one (price two shillings) and contained the frontispiece, illustrated title page, and all preliminary matter (see collation on opposite page).



SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date 1848 on both Illustrated Title Page and Title Page (see accompanying illustrations).

In One Volume form, publishers' green cloth, or half morocco with marbled edges, or full morocco with gilt edges.

COLLATION. Half-title, one leaf; Errata, one leaf (sometimes placed at the end of the volume. In later printings the number of Errata was increased from two to six).

Frontispiece, Illustrated Title Page, each a separate plate.

Title Page, Dedication, Preface, Contents, List of Plates; all one leaf each, except Contents which is on two leaves (*i.e.* four pages).

The story then follows on pp. 1 to 624 with 38 illustrations on separate plates.

DOMBEY AND SON.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1848.

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates		84 7 0	
,, Printing and Stationery		9 13 10	
,, Salaries	104 0 0		
Less Contribution by "The Dickens House"	52 0 0		
		52 0 0	
,, General Expenses and Postage		40 1 8	
		186 2 6	
Less Amount charged to *The Dickensian*		51 8 6	
			134 14 0
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters Members ..		61 10 9	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		10 16 9	
			72 7 6
,, Meetings			5 12 6
,, Transfer to Charitable Purposes Account			3 16 5
,, Depreciation of Library, Pictures and Furniture			4 19 4
,, Income Tax on Interest received gross			5 19 0
,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet			88 8 11
			£315 17 8

CHARITABLE PURPOSES ACCOUNT

PAYMENTS	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Relief of children suffering from effects of enemy action ..	.. ..	67 16 0
Cratchit Shelter Fund—Donation to Hospital for Sick Children	.. ..	36 15 0
Donation to Cot Fund	15 15 0	
Sundry Donations	9 8 11	
		25 3 11
Balance being unexpended balances of—		
Philadelphia Donation	24 14 8	
Vancouver Branch Donations	32 4 0	
Cratchit Shelter Fund	78 15 0	
		135 13 8
		£265 8 7

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Creditor		.. ..	0 15 0
The Dickensian—			
Current Account		67 1 3	
Less Loan Account		43 2 5	
			23 18 10
Life Membership Fund—			
As at 31st December, 1940		341 5 0	
Subscriptions received during year		10 10 0	
			351 15 0
Special Reserve Fund—			
As at 31st December, 1940		758 7 6	
Add Legacy from the late Miss Harriet Child		50 0 0	
			808 7 6
Costume Department—			
Balance as at 31st December, 1940		177 7 5	
Interest accrued 1941		0 17 4	
			178 4 9
Advertising Fund		75 2 10	
Dramatic Section		3 14 3	
Collectors'-Circle		0 14 5	
War Comforts Fund—			
As at 31st December, 1940	14 0 6		
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income during year	1 4 0		
		12 16 6	
			92 8 0
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes ..		.. ..	135 13 8
Income and Expenditure Account—			
Balance at 31st December, 1940		59 4 10	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ..		88 8 11	
		147 13 9	
Deduct Loss on *The Dickensian* for the year		44 17 5	
			102 16 4
			£1,693 19 1

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1941. Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters Members	190 11 7	
Branches	86 17 10	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (*less* Tax)	6 19 11	
		284 9 4
„ Interest on Loan to Dickens House (gross)		10 0 0
„ Donations		7 0 0
„ Grant from the Executors of the late Sir George Sutton	4 0 0	
Less Donated to Dickens House	4 0 0	
		0 0 0
„ Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of special functions		2 14 0
„ Refund of Income Tax		11 14 4
		£315 17 8

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1941.

RECEIPTS	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Philadelphia Donation for Christmas Entertainment for Poor Children		24 14 8
Vancouver Branch Donations for relief of suffering among children in bombed areas		100 0 0
Cratchit Shelter Fund Donations		115 10 0
General Donations from Branches	16 13 0	
Interest on Investment of Special Donation	4 14 6	
	21 7 6	
Transfer from General Income and Expenditure Account	3 16 5	
		25 3 11
		£265 8 7

AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1941.

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment at cost—		
£354 15s. 7d. 4% Consols		351 14 9
(Market value 31st December, 1941, £395 11s. 7d.)		
Investment of Special Donation at cost—		
£118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols		105 0 0
(Market value 31st December, 1941, £131 17s. 11d.)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1940	49 13 6	
Less Depreciation at 10%	4 19 4	
		44 14 2
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
The Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon (2 years)	20 0 0	
	570 0 0	
Deduct Current Account	17 0 0	
		553 0 0
Income Tax recoverable		11 14 4
Rates paid in advance		6 9 0
Balances at Bank—		
General Account	366 15 2	
Costume Account	175 0 0	
Do. Interest accrued	3 6 8	
		545 1 10
Cash in hands of Hon. Secretary—		
General Account	1 6 11	
Less Costume Account Overdrawn	0 1 11	
		1 5 0
		£1,693 19 1

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also
(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants.
9th December, 1942. *Hon. Auditors.*

Dr. **THE DICKENS HOUSE.** INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1941. Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To General Expenses—			By Annual Subscriptions—		
Stationery and Postages	8 6 1		Friends of Dickens House		105 19 1
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	3 4 0		„ Rents—		
	11 10 1		No. 49 Doughty Street	21 8 3	
„ General and Water Rates	30 14 10		*The Dickensian*	35 0 0	
„ Lighting and Heating	10 7 0		The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
„ Insurance	12 9 9				106 8 3
	65 1 8		„ Interest—		
Less Amounts received from The Dickens Fellowship and others	32 6 0		On £188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock (Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift)	4 14 0	
		32 15 8	On Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	6 11 9	
„ War Damage Act—					11 5 9
Provision for Contributions payable under Part I	110 15 0		„ Grant from The Pilgrim Trust—Second Instalment		100 0 0
Premiums paid under Part II	22 10 0				
		133 5 0			
„ Interest—Mortgage	30 0 0				
Loan	10 0 0				
		40 0 0			
„ General Repairs		2 2 6			
„ Salary		52 0 0			
„ Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		13 14 2			
„ Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.—Amount written off		12 16 7			
„ Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		36 19 2			
	£323 13 1				£323 13 1

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1941.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mortgage on No. 49 Doughty Street	600 0 0		Freehold Property—Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street at cost		5108 5 2
Interest accrued thereon	7 10 0		Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less Depreciation—		
		607 10 0	As at 31st December, 1940	274 3 6	
Loan from The Dickens Fellowship	550 0 0		*Less* Depreciation	13 14 2	
Interest accrued thereon (2 years)	20 0 0				260 9 4
		570 0 0	Library and Museum, at cost		138 12 2
Sundry Creditors		2 10 9	Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.—		
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9	As at 31st December, 1940	51 6 4	
Provision for Contributions payable under the War Damage Act (Part I)		88 12 0	*Less* Amount written off	12 16 7	
Balance—			As certified by the Hon. Secretary		38 9 9
As at 31st December, 1940	4753 17 0		Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
Add Donations	8 8 6		£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock at cost (Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 31st December, 1941, £155 16*s.* 2*d.*)		102 19 9
Grant from the Estate of the late Sir George Sutton donated by The Dickens Fellowship	4 0 0		Post Office Savings Bank Deposit, including Interest accrued thereon		357 12 7
Excess of Income over Expenditure as per attached Account	36 19 2		Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance	16 17 11	
		4803 4 8	*The Dickensian*	35 0 0	
			The Dickens Fellowship	17 0 0	
					68 17 11
			Cash at Bank and in Hand		99 10 6
	£6174 17 2				£6174 17 2

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investment.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. *9th December*, 1942.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, *Chartered Accountants, Hon. Auditors.*